



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

REV. M. F. FALLON, O.M.I., an Ottawa priest, seems to be irrepressible. He began in Ottawa some time ago a crusade against the coronation oath of Queen Victoria, in which she has to disclaim certain doctrines which from time to time have very much disturbed Great Britain. Some time ago I wrote an article on the question and held it back, hoping that the movement that Father Fallon had inaugurated would die. From a letter which appears from him in the *Mail and Empire*, criticizing the address recently delivered at Port Hope by the Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Orange Lodge of Ontario, it is evident that his crusade is not a merely local attempt to reintroduce religion into our politics, but must be part of a propaganda. He concludes his letter by saying: "Surely in our efforts to have removed from the statute books this last remnant of bitter and barbarous times we may expect the aid and the sympathy of all fair-minded Protestants." As the question at issue is an oath which was administered some sixty years ago to Queen Victoria, and which may not be administered again for a number of years, and which at worst or best, whichever we may call it, is not liable to be a source of irritation unless agitators take hold of the matter, it would seem wise for the newspapers, and for Father Fallon and whoever is behind him, to drop out of the discussion of it, inasmuch as it can only create bad feeling; and in view of the agitation against High Church practices in England, no sentiment is liable to be found to support any change of the British Constitution to suit the little clique in Ottawa which seems to be devoting itself to renewing in Canada a sectarian agitation.

I quote from a sermon said to have been delivered by Father Fallon some months ago, in which he presents his case. As the whole of the subject matter offered to us simply involves a theological discussion, it may be well to glance at what is in it and find its bearing upon the old question which so often presents itself to us, of religion in politics.

Rev. Dr. Fallon's sermon expressed the belief that the oath taken by Queen Victoria on November 20, 1837, was an insult to all her Roman Catholic subjects. In his sermon Dr. Fallon said:

In part it reads: "I, by the grace of God, King or Queen of England, etc., do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God, profess, testify, and declare that I do believe that in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of the bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, and that the invocation and adoration of the Blessed Virgin Mary, or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the mass as now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous."

Dr. Fallon asked: What a shame it was to oblige a girl of eighteen to take such an oath. What did she know of the doctrines she condemned? Why should she insult such a large number of her subjects who profess these doctrines, and who are loyal to the British Crown, and to whom nothing is dearer than the welfare of England? There can be no sisterhood between the church of which the Queen is head and the church she condemns as superstitious and idolatrous. In time Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, will be called upon to take that oath. What does he know of transubstantiation? If death should intervene, and the young son of Prince George, an infant, become the head of the Church of England, what would he know of these doctrines that he should condemn them? It is time the Catholics of this empire should have that oath removed.

I am not going to enter into the argument as to whether this oath should be taken or not, though I doubt if the British people who think they have reasons for being strongly Protestant will ever consent to a change. What interests me is Rev. Dr. Fallon's question, "What did Queen Victoria know of the doctrines she condemned in her oath?" He says she was only eighteen years old, but it must be remembered that at that age she was probably the most carefully educated young woman of the time. No pains had been spared to train her mind or to make her acquainted with the affairs with which she was expected to deal. Then again the reverend doctor asks, "What does the Prince of Wales know of transubstantiation?" The Prince is a man of nearly sixty years of age, of mature experience, and has been taught as carefully as possible to know his duties and to understand not only what the coronation oath means to him, but what it means to his prospective subjects.

However, for the sake of argument we will admit that neither Queen Victoria nor the Prince of Wales understand transubstantiation, though one has repudiated it and the other will have to repudiate it when becoming the sovereign of Great Britain. The question then formulates itself, What do the children and young people in the Roman Catholic Church know of this doctrine, though in order to be received into the Church they must affirm their belief in it? Can the reverend doctor reasonably contend that the little ones robed in white who go to their first communion understand these doctrines better than did Queen Victoria at eighteen or does the Prince of Wales, who is nearly three score years of age? If it, then, be so heinous to repudiate a doctrine without understanding it, is it proper for those with still less light to accept it? Furthermore, is it proper for the Church to accept communicants, knowing full well, according to Rev. Dr. Fallon's theory, that they do not understand it nor many other things which they are forced to accept or be denied the privileges of the Church?

In Protestant churches as well as in the Roman Catholic Church communicants are also forced to subscribe to many things which they cannot understand and which the carefully trained reason cannot make clear. Of course it is urged that these things are matters of faith, not of reason, but if it is proper to accept a thing without understanding it, is it not also proper to repudiate it because we cannot understand it if it is no literal part of Bible teaching? Who, for instance, really understands this article of faith taken from the Westminster Confession:

"In the unity of the Godhead there be three persons, of one substance, power and eternity: God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. The Father is of none, neither begotten nor proceeding; the Son is eternally begotten of the Father; the Holy Ghost eternally proceeding from the Father and the Son."

Or this one taken from the Church of England Book of Common Prayer:

"There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passions, of infinite power, wisdom and goodness; the Maker and Preserver of all things both visible and invisible. And in unity of this Godhead there be three persons, of one substance, power and eternity, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost."

Also the following from the Morning Prayer of the same book:

"The Catholic faith is this: That we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity, neither confounding the Persons nor dividing the substance. For there is one Person of the Father, another of the Son and another of the Holy Ghost."

So that in all things, as is aforesaid, the Unity in Trinity and the Trinity in Unity is to be worshipped."

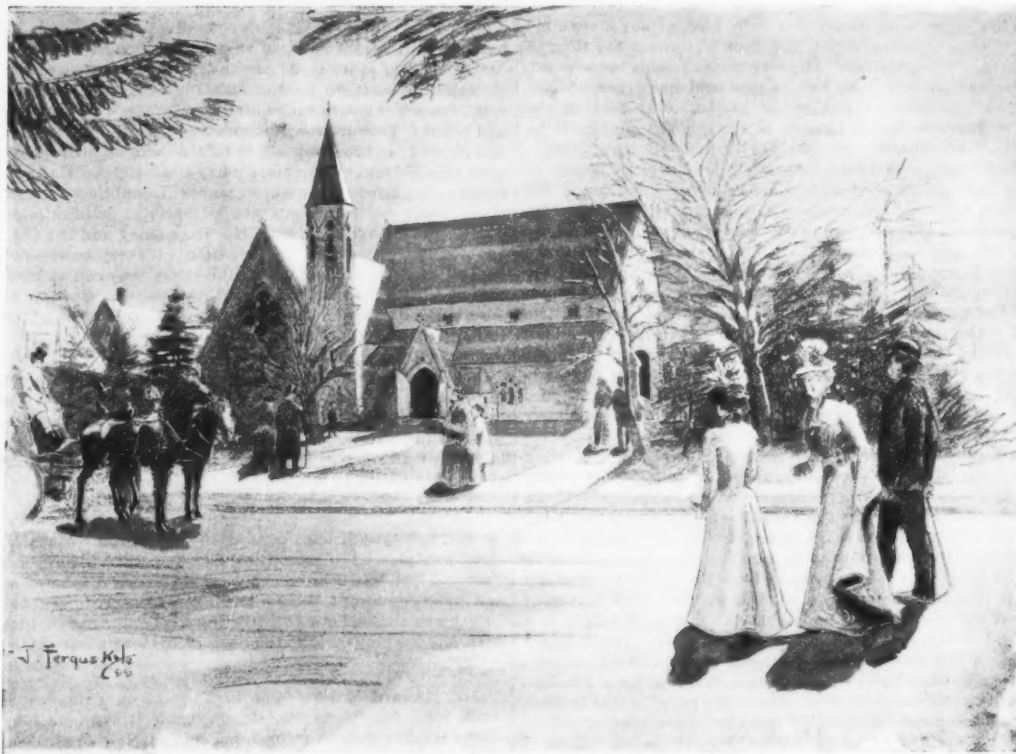
I am unaware of any Scriptural demand for the acceptance of these involved articles of belief. The human mind cannot follow them and the human lip should not be forced to affirm them. All these doctrines, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, may be sound, but what is it to happen to those who cannot understand them and think it would be an untruth to affirm their belief in them? Under these circumstances it seems to me that Dr. Fallon's crusade against the coronation oath will do no good, for affirmations or denials of doctrine touch but few of us unless they come up as controversial subjects.

At one time debates between ministers of various denominations were quite common in schoolhouses as well as churches, and when two clergymen were not to be had for an argument in a public place, agnostics and defenders of sacred revelation were to be found to argue much involved questions before gaping audiences more willing to laugh at the speakers indulged in personalities than to weep when religion was being turned into a farce. For years, in this country at least, these debates, which made more agnostics than Christians and almost invariably resulted in hard feeling, have been abandoned, and it would be well for us in Canada if we could keep clear of contro-

versial exhibitions. Few people really care what dogmas Queen Victoria has accepted or rejected; we know that there is religious freedom in the Empire and she has been a great and virtuous ruler, and consequently we need not bother ourselves about the coronation oath.

DIVORCES are not easily granted in Canada, but sometimes difficulties are put in the way of those who have a proper right to ask for separation. In the early days of the present session at Ottawa a Toronto man asked for legal separation from his wife. The wife had deserted the husband and a family of seven children and was living in open adultery with another man. The husband sued as one unable to pay for the relief asked for, and though the whole affair was plain to everybody there were Senators who were opposed to granting his petition. Is not this carrying formal marital fidelity too far? What sympathy can there be for a wife who deserts seven children and her husband? Her conduct since her desertion of those who had the greatest claim upon her has been such as to show that she has no Scriptural, legal, moral nor any other right to be regarded as a wife. The majority in the Senate, fortunately for itself and society at large, took this view of it, but the opposition to the bill of divorce shows that the Senate is not only anxious to prevent such legal separations, but to exact the whole bill of costs, a bill so great as to deter anyone who does not sue as a pauper or is not wealthy, from attempting to free himself or herself from one who is disgraceful in conduct, incompatible in temper, and liable to ruin the innocent ones who are left even remotely under the care of such a heartless, shameless and improper person.

It is useless to make comparisons between the divorces granted in Canada and those granted in the United States, as was done in the discussion over the case in question. It may be quite true that in twenty years the Senators have granted but 110 divorces while during the same period 400,000 divorces have



Easter Sunday—St. Paul's Church, Toronto.

been granted in the United States. If it is a matter of justice it certainly should not be a matter of statistics. If it is right to divorce a man and his wife in so flagrant an instance, it is right to divorce them and to remit the costs. If it is a mistake to do it under these circumstances, then under no circumstances should it be done.

A PUBLICATION called *The Canadian Bookseller and Library Journal*, which emanates from Hamilton, asks me to make a protest against a Society of Literary Immortals in the United States. It is not my business to interfere with the title and fame-hunters who have made the United States so ridiculous. They can have a Society of Immortals if they want one, without any protest from me. They now have such innumerable societies that nobody need be left out of them, and any Canadian who is anxious to obtain some letters after his name can easily purchase them by applying to the proper authorities. My only concern is to keep this sort of tommyrot out of Canada. There is a sentiment in this country which is vastly superior to any of the ephemeral ideals of those who are anxious to be distinguished by membership in something whose pretentious nothingness is a laughing-stock and the origin of which is absurd. The same paper suggests that SATURDAY NIGHT "has a horror of publishers." As the company which produces SATURDAY NIGHT is a publishing company, it does not seem reasonable that it should be afraid of itself or its confederates. In fact, it is afraid of nothing except the miserable pretentiousness which has been imported into this country by those aliens who are burning anxious to work for us for all we are worth. SATURDAY NIGHT is in favor of Canadian copyright and everything that will tend towards the advancement of the Canadian publishing and printing business. Surely one can defend these things without having to defend such humbugs as are offered in the name of Canadian advancement. We need in this country a guild which will look after copyright, but it can be created without the assistance of Appleton & Co., New York, or their agents. The British, not the United States, publisher should be most anxious to protect Canada from overflow editions involving unscrupulous infringement of authors' and publishers' rights. The publishers, as soon as they understand the question, will be the first ones to make a movement in this direction, and we can quite well afford to wait for a change of heart until pirates cease to be the preachers of copyright gospel.

NOTHING but ingrained prejudice prevents the English-speaking people adopting the metric system of measurement. We in Canada who have a decimal system in money matters still cling to rods and acres with regard to land; ounces and pounds in weights; pints, quarts and gallons in measuring liquids; inches, feet and yards in measuring lengths; and subject our children and our clerks and ourselves to the difficult computations which all these things involve. In the United States it is the same, while in Great Britain it is worse, inasmuch as they have refused to adopt the decimal system in counting money and still compute everything in pounds, shillings and pence. In the Latin countries greater advance has been made in simplifying these matters than amongst Anglo-Saxons, among whom progress is generally most observable.

Now that Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines have come under the United States government, the advocates of the metric system in the Imperial House of Commons are keenly interested as to whether the United States will institute a retrograde movement, for the decimal system is in force to its fullest extent in those localities, as in all other Latin countries. If the United States Government permits the present system to continue in its conquered territory, it will be one of the strongest arguments for the abandonment of the old and cumbersome system at home. It is hard enough to learn to do business under any circumstances, though why nations should not simplify the tasks of succeeding generations when a method obviously infinitely superior is used in the countries with which they so largely trade, seems inexplicable.

AMONGST other things, the United States is still agitating itself with regard to a through railroad to Buenos Ayres. The distance is only 10,200 miles, of which nearly five thousand is covered by lines already built. The idea is to carry the furthestmost line from Mexico through Central America, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Paraguay and to connect with a line running to Buenos Ayres. What earthly use the road would be when constructed I cannot see. Freight could not be carried that distance with a profit, and passengers would find it much easier and more pleasant to travel by steamer. However, the expansion idea in the United States is such a huge movement that aid may be lent to this balloon route, which when completed, for a road-bed and bridges, exclusive of the rails, would cost \$175,000,000. The most expensive and difficult section of the proposed line would be in Colombia, Ecuador and Peru, where the road skirts the Andes for 3,600 miles at an estimated cost of \$125,000,000.

Still another scheme of the Expansionists is to find a cause of quarrel with one or more of the Central American states, capture it, use it as a means of forcing the Nicaragua canal to

completion, and then squeeze Mexico out of existence. The scheme is very large and attractive, but from a score years of experience with Mexico and Mexicans I am of the opinion that that republic will not lose its identity without a fight which will be something immensely stronger than the Filipinos have put up. Mexico has grown beyond the point of a feeble and rebellious state; its people and its interests, its twelve million population, though many of the people may be Indians, have an idea of law and order, of military discipline, and an intensely self-sacrificing patriotism which the United States can never overwhelm. South of the Mexican line, however, civilization may not be injured by the interference of the Yanks, the British, the German and the French forces. Great Britain, the United States and Germany have enormous interests which are neither protected nor developed by the present condition of affairs. I imagine that interference with these people may begin very soon, and then the wiping out of many of the small and unstable republics which are now a disgrace to civilization and a cruel and crude parody on republicanism. When, however, the reformation business reaches further south than the southern boundary of Brazil on the Atlantic coast, and the northern boundary of Peru on the Pacific coast, it will have to stop. South of that the people are too strong to be swamped by foreign interference. They can and will exist in the face of every foe, because Italy has much to do with Argentina, and the other countries, local and European, while always at warfare amongst themselves, would immediately form an alliance sufficiently strong to prevent North American aggression.

IN the Philippines the United States is learning what it means to fight mixed breeds in a far-away clime. No one in the great "Christian Republic" can exactly explain why the United States should be occupying the Philippine Islands while the war was for the purpose of freeing Cuba from Spanish tyranny. Without explanation, argument or defence, Uncle Sam finds himself struggling with a lot of Malays, niggers and Latin half-breeds. The people of the United States estimate the consequences by the expense and the death list, and at the next Presidential election there will have to be an accounting for this extraordinary war of Philippine conquest which began with the payment, or a promised payment, of \$20,000,000 to Spain, and will end no one knows where. What the Philippines have to do with the freedom of Cuba or the United States' possession of Porto Rico, no one can explain. The Yankees are there and they are fighting, and at home I suppose they may call it a holy war. The years 1899 will be considered as the iconoclastic period in United States history, and the people will have to reckon not only with a new debt, but will have to work on a new theory, and perhaps Great Britain will be hated a little bit more than ever for having gently "joshed" them into the position which they occupy. With the Philippine Islands, Cuba, Porto Rico and Central America they will be so busy that Canada will have a chance to outgrow any danger of Yankee land-hunger, for they have their work laid out for them for many years to come, every year of which it is to be hoped will be used by those who govern us, and by the Empire of which we are a part, to make Canada so strong and so essentially a feature of Great Britain's enterprises that there will be no

question about our permanence, predominance and security.

MEN are not disposed to be prudish; particularly is this true of the men who frequent saloons and sit in the little rooms "contagious," as it were, to the bar, but none of the better class of people who sit down for a smoke or a drink in these public places can endure the sound of a woman's voice in an adjoining stall. Nothing more definitely proves the gradual abandonment of bar-room drinking and the drinking habit itself than the tendency of hotels to provide private rooms for their guests. Of course one has to shut one's eyes to the evil of the whole thing before remarking that these little rooms are frequently used by men who have little transactions which they wish to close, or private conversations in which they wish to engage, and for these things they find them very convenient. A couple of men drop in and have a drink and a smoke and no great harm is done—perhaps a little deal is concluded; and as long as the public-houses last men will use them, not only to satisfy their thirst, but as a place of rendezvous. Women have no business in such places, and the complaint which has found voice in an evening newspaper that these private stalls are being used by women should receive immediate attention. I have never been a Prohibitionist, but the first public movement of any magnitude that I engaged in after coming to Toronto was for the separation of the grocery and liquor businesses. I certainly believe that the place that sells liquor should sell nothing else, except, perhaps, cigars. Women who go to buy their groceries should not be tempted to carry a bottle home in their basket. Neither should women be allowed into these drinking-places, where, if they are encouraged, they are almost sure, if respectable at the outset, to meet their ruin.

As a rule it is not women who are even relatively respectable who go into such places. The hotelkeeper who permits *declassées* women under any circumstances is an ass. His so-called respectable trade will fall off at once, because business men who often find a hotel a convenient place to meet transient business acquaintances will not tolerate the presence of drinking women on the same premises. Both from the standpoint of mankind, womanhood and the maintenance of law and order and decency in the hotel business, everyone should combine to put a stop to the very limited and yet disgraceful practice of a few hotels in permitting women to occupy, even for a few moments, these private rooms. Surely everybody appreciates the decencies of life well enough not to be even remotely concerned in placing slippery steps beneath the feet of the weaker sex.

EDUCATIONAL affairs in Toronto have not been escaping from unpleasant disturbances. Mr. McFarren has taken upon himself, as every citizen supporting it has a right to do, the inspection of the Church street public school. It is one of the newest, most commodious and best managed schools in the city, but a number of children attending it having been attacked by scarlet fever, and one of Mr. McFarren's offspring being amongst the number, its sanitary condition became suspected and the said Mr. McFarren felt himself called upon to become the apostle of investigation. A circular was issued purporting to have emanated from Mr. McFarren, in which parents were practically told that if they sent their children to the school and they died in consequence, the parental conscience should convict itself of murder.

The ethics of our city government seem to afford latitude for a great deal of violence of speech, some of which appears to be justified by the extraordinary charges which citizens make when they find themselves unable, rightly or wrongly, to establish the truth of their assertions. Yet the trouble, the vast amount of trouble which some of these people call "cranks" take and cause, often brings good to the community in the end. If the system of ventilation in the Church street school is bad—and we know that considerable scarlet fever has been spread through the district which supplies it with children—then the ears of the trustees and officials should be open to the complaints of all those who feel that they have suffered. It is quite true in the case referred to that the health inspector, who is said to have made only one test, reported the building in a sanitary condition. The fact that a great many cases of fever have occurred in the school remains the same. Moreover, it is useless for trustees to argue that if the system be thrown out of one school there are a dozen or fourteen others supplied with the same system, which would have to be changed. In a matter of this sort, as in a matter of food, the people of Toronto are not prepared to have their children subjected to unsanitary conditions in order to save the price of modern improvements. If water closets are less liable to cause disease than the dry earth system, they should be introduced. It is easier to pay for this sort of thing than for parents to undergo the hardships and expenses of isolation and a sick family.

It is a pity that those who have charge of our affairs should so frequently develop into nonentities or violent adherents or opponents of some one system or another. It took the City Council a year to decide on elevators for the City Hall, which had no connection with sanitation, yet when a question of diseased meat or unhealthy schoolhouses comes up, nothing can be done, apparently, unless someone makes a most violent clamor, indulges in exaggerated and perhaps untruthful charges, and by such sensational means attracts public attention to the subject complained of.

ANTICIPATING publication day by twenty-four hours, as is the habit of SATURDAY NIGHT when Friday is a holiday, we must of course be a trifle behind in chronicling local events. Good Friday and Easter, while they are entirely theological in their basis and traced by the Passover may be historically accurate as to dates, should be observed if for no other reason than that humankind has selected this period for the commemoration of the death and resurrection of Christ. In my own conception of the God-man I have no idea that He desired for a moment to be the praise-loving personage which He has been made. Love for Him and respect for Him come from the heart, and it will be remembered that He did not make any ruling that His death and resurrection should be specially commemorated. Like all the great heroes who die after having lived for humanity, and having by their lives and teachings brought us closer to the God idea of goodness, lovingkindness and self-sacrifice, He died without any injunctions that we should observe His birthday or the day on which He died or the day on which He rose victorious over death. I am afraid that the public idea that is so generally propagated by church services is that Christ left some injunction to His people to sing His praises and to celebrate certain festivals in His honor. Except in the case of the Sacrament of the Lord's Day it was not so. He asked us for nothing of this sort; He lived for no ephemeral and cheap *clat* of this variety. His mission seems to me to have been to get people to act like Him, and not to satisfy their consciences by celebrating His anniversaries. The Man who was a man and a God at the same time was essentially one of ourselves, and it is to be feared that the formalities which we engage in make us forget that every day is the day that He hoped to influence us and to find us His imitators. Instead of this we satisfy ourselves with Christmas and Easter, with mumbled prayers and a little pretentiousness. For these reasons I look with little favor on special fast days, special occasions, special ceremonials, revivals, and organizations to promote special piety at special seasons. Every day is Christ's day, and I am quite sure that those who live nearest Him every day, and try to do, in spite of all their weaknesses and yieldings to temptation, what He would have them do, on three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, need not concern themselves greatly as to what special things of human origin they leave undone on the anniversaries of which so much is made.

The Newspaper Club.

BRING AN ORGANIZATION OF CERTAIN ACTIVE NEWSPAPER-WRITERS OF TORONTO AND OTHER CITIES AND TOWNS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HOLDING WEEKLY MEETINGS IN THIS COLUMN TO SETTLE BY CUMULATIVE DISCUSSION SEVERAL OUT-STANDING AND VEXED QUESTIONS.

Should Women Smoke?

Should women smoke? Not pipes, to be sure, nor cigars! That would be disgusting, but—well, just listen:

No sight as sweet I ever met
As Phyllis and her cigarette!
The darling left to her devices
Doth twirl her cylinder of spices!
White as the snow, with tip of gold,
Between her rosy palms 'tis rolled!
Oh happy toy! It makes me gasp
To think the bliss of such a clasp!

And now she takes it twixt her fingers,
And squeezes it and coyly lingers,
And timidly at last it goes
Into her mouth, a puckered rose!
Her lips, like petals, 'round it press,
Such fragrance midst such loveliness,
As when a bee its honey sips
From briar rose or clover tips!

And now, sweet Phyllis is affrighted—
The Thing is ready to be lighted!
And she essays a parlor match
But knoweth not whereon to scratch!
To do as men would be too bold
And filmy fabrics her entold!
Her slipped sole! Hurrah! How shocking,
Yet, what a charming silken stocking!

Now sweeter than the censor's fume,
The balmy vapors fill the room,
And as the trickles spirals frisk
I dream of slave and odalisque!
My lazy fancy ever dwells
Beside the languid Dardanelles!
But in my flight I hold her yet,
My Phyllis and her cigarette.

Eden
Kingsmill
is shocked.

through the useless formality of writing that complaint! The thing will happen that always happens in any modern club. The house committee will place their initials over against my lament as an indication that they have read it—and have immediately forgotten it, like their last night's dreams. Any house committee who would do otherwise would be a disgrace to the guild. Therefore, here in public I desire indignantly to express my reprehension of the disgusting taste that prompted the committee to ask me such a question. Should women smoke!! Horrible! One would rather from the form of the interrogation that women do smoke—a statement which I cannot, will not, bring my decorous mind to believe. No man can convince me that any Canadian woman was ever guilty of such a scandalous aping of ourselves. Gadsby, who knows more of this world and its wickedness than my veracious self, says he once met a man who had seen a Toronto woman smoke a cigarette. Ordinarily, I am prepared to believe Gadsby. In this case I say baldly that I do not. It has occurred to me that all the members of the club, with the exception of myself, are married men. They may be able calmly to canvass the topic, but in my case it brings an uncontrollable erubescence to this alabaster brow. I desire to state here and now that I will decline to answer, or even to file, offers of matrimony from any young—or middle-aged—women who are victims of the beastly habit. On this point my determination is fixed, and in regard to determination the late John P. Regulus of Rome, It., compared with the writer of these few lines was a tin weathercock. It may be true that the old order changeth, giving place to the new—woman. But none of it for me, thanks. Think of sending to the home of one's *fiancee* the lagged messenger bearing a half-pound of Einstein's smoking mixture in place of the violets; or a half-hundred cigars instead of bon-bons—and bon-bons are cheaper, too. Think, further, of arriving home to find the wife of one's bosom smoking a clay pipe in the drawing-room! Think—still more awful thought—of her surreptitiously swiping one's good cigars for her own consumption! I refuse to contemplate such a chapter of horrors. Jamais—Nevaire.

Phillips
Thompson
thinks not.

Most decidedly not—they shouldn't even be allowed to chew, or to use tobacco in any form, if the men are to retain any vestige of superiority or leadership in affairs. Things are quite bad enough as it is, the way they are crowding men out of employment as doctors, book-keepers, editors, clerks, stenographers, &c., and if you are going to further develop their intellectual capacities by allowing them the use of tobacco, not even the pulpit, the judge's bench, or the local Legislature, will be sacred from the feminine invasion. No doubt the brain of woman is normally as massive and as finely organized as that of man, and the fact that hitherto the higher intellectual callings have been almost monopolized by the male sex is simply due to the thought-stimulating influence of nicotine. If any one doubts it just look at the Germans—admittedly the profoundest thinkers of Europe—and smokers to a man. Did anybody ever hear of a female German philosopher? Of course not. A German philosopher without a pipe is unthinkable. Our ancestors knew what they were about in laying down the dictum that smoking was bad form for a woman—they wanted to keep the intrusive sex in their place and retain the official and professional soft snaps in masculine hands. The pipe is the last symbol of man's supremacy, and if we permit it to be either wheedled or wrested from our grasp, we may just as well concede to woman full and complete equality in every field of human endeavor and emolument.

Women should smoke if they so desire. Custom, of course, says No. But what is custom that it should arrogate to itself the right to say what a woman shall or shall not do? Custom is only habit, anyhow. Every question, we are told, has two sides. This one has at any rate. After the struggle with the first pipe or two is over, man finds in the weed a soothing companion. Why, then, should woman be denied that which exercises so much power over man? When a woman will, she will. If she wills to smoke, man stands to be the chief gainer thereby. Consider the advantage, where the wife is a smoker, of coming home late at night or early in the morning and finding her in the library or smoking-room, in the best of humor, quietly puffing at her pipe and deep in the pages of the latest novel! How much better this than storming at the head of the stairs. Of course we would not care to see the cook preparing dinner with a pipe or cigarette between her lips. After all, I would just as soon women did not smoke; but I would not dare tell them so, for they are as contrary as they are nice.

W. L. Edmonds
would bar
cooks, at least.

I submit that this court, composed of men, has no jurisdiction. It is the women's business. A man would naturally answer no. "I would not like," he says peevishly, "to see a lady puffing away at a large, fat, black cigar." If the lady wanted to smoke, her retort would be like that of the milkmaid, "Nobody asked you, sir, to admire my personal appearance."

John Lewis
says it's none
of our
business.

We may assume that the reason women do not smoke at present is that they do not want to smoke. If you say they are forbidden by Mrs. Grundy, the answer is that Mrs. Grundy is only another name for crystallized feminine opinion; you are arguing in a circle. Besides, Mrs. Grundy was certainly not responsible at the outset. Raleigh, if he did not introduce tobacco

into England, did much to popularize its use. He used to smoke tobacco in a silver pipe, with the Queen sitting by, although, as he said, she detested "all coarse meats, evil smells and strong wines." Hence it may be inferred that she did not regard the aroma of tobacco as an evil smell. Why did she not smoke? It would have been a comfort after a two hours' interview with the sagacious but tiresome Burleigh. There was no Mrs. Grundy to deny her, because there were no social customs or conventions about tobacco, unless Raleigh was thinking of an Indian Mrs. Grundy. A cynic might find the cause in the vanity which showed itself in Elizabeth's innumerable dresses and jewels and flirtations, and might say that this cause is still potent. How would it do, he would ask, to read in the society column of ladies smartly gowned and piped, of Miss Brown in a pink silk, passementerie, old lace, and a meerschaum colored by herself! But this is all nonsense. Elizabeth could have smoked in private, and if she had we should certainly have heard of it. There is some deeper reason. Women are supposed to be weaker than men, and more subject to nervous disturbance. Why is it that they do not resort to the soothing pipe, the consoling bowl, the saloon and the club? Why does no benevolent person propose to establish a coffee-house for women? Why does the man who requires the excitement of the horse race and the poker table, grumble at the mild feminine dissipation of bargain day? Sarah Grand should give us a novel dealing with these problems.

The Indian
woman do,
says
David Boyle.

The Indian woman smokes, and a good deal more, too, than the average man. It may, indeed, have been she who first hit upon the practice. At any rate, she does not appear to see any reason why she ought not to derive as much comfort from a pipe as any mere male fellow does. Nor does she await the time of marriage. She may begin, just as the boys do, as soon as she is able to hold a pipe and has sense enough to "pull." Neither is she at all particular respecting the smoking ingredients. If tobacco is gettable she prefers it as a matter of course, but various kinds of bark, leaves and roots form substitutes. At one time there is reason to believe that she smoked with some religious significance, but that time, to most, is long since past, and now she smokes for pure pleasure, especially when she can arrange things so as to have a live coal on the top of her pipe, for she rather avoids the use of matches, which shows her good sense if the only kind she can get resembles some of those sold in Toronto, which are a villainous compound of sulphur and phosphorus, with a little wood. The Indian woman corresponds with what Jake Heimbacher said of his deceased son, "He was a good smoker." She smokes both in and out of doors. She smokes when she is plaiting straw or when she is cooking—she smokes just when she pleases, as her liege does, and why shouldn't she? If he extracts any comfort or solace from the pipe, she requires it quite as much. If very piously inclined, she will, when lighting her pipe, blow a whiff heavenwards, and other whiffs towards the cardinal points—some contribute a whiff also to the ground—after which all the whiffs are the smoker's own. Cigars and cigarettes have no charm for the old women otherwise than as the material may be used in a pipe. In the presence of white people the Indian woman feels just as free to puff her pipe as if there were no whites present. The idea of secrecy does not enter her head—she smokes as a matter of duty to herself, and it is nobody's business but her own. The younger women on the reserves in most parts of Ontario do not, as a rule, take to smoking—in other words smoking among Indian women is going out of fashion. Is it at all possible that in some way "no fellow can understand" this accounts for white women taking to the weed? Does nature in this sense "abhor a vacuum?" Must there be universal equilibrium in all things?

Social and Personal.

The quietest week in the year is on the wane, and already post-Easter events are brightening the rim of the new horizon. Easter day always brings visitors to the paternal homes, and several busy professors, smart officers and others most welcomed are spending a joyous Easter holiday at home. Guests often happen in for spring shopping and Toronto's wonderful bargains, too, at this season. No small attraction is offered by the fine church music, the grand decorations and the eloquent sermons of the day. The sporting fraternity are looking for



MISS KATIE PUTNAM

Who will appear at the Toronto Opera House next week as "Bossy" in Hoyt's "A Texas Steer."



THE FADETTES WOMEN'S ORCHESTRA OF BOSTON.

The appearance for the first time of the Fadettes, otherwise known as the Women's Orchestra of Boston, is an event in the musical history of Toronto. The Fadettes are composed altogether of women to the number of twenty-one, under the leadership of Mrs. Nichols, who the critics say is certainly to the manner born. The orchestra is balanced to a nicety, and there is no preponderance of one part over another, a fault which is not infrequently noted in organizations of this kind. Wherever they have appeared the enthusiasm has reached the highest point to so great an extent, as one newspaper says, that nearly every piece was encored. The programme of the Fadettes is varied in character, giving ample opportunity for the display of versatility. It is a great Wagner selection or some popular melody, like Down on the Suwannee River or Georgia Camp Meeting, there is accuracy, artistic finish and the irresistible swing and rhythm which so appeals to those who have even the smallest conception of music in their souls. There is good reason to believe that the Fadettes will have a large house on their first appearance in Toronto, which takes place, as an important after Lent musical event, in Massey Music Hall, Thursday, April 6. The programme is further strengthened in the fact that the giant of pianists, Richard Burmeister, will also be here and render some of his cleverest selections. Mrs. Harry W. Parker, soprano, a portrait of whom we give on page 11 of this paper, is also on the programme. Mrs. Parker is well known as one of the popular concert singers in Toronto, the soprano of St. Andrew's church choir, and an important member of the teaching staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. The plan opens to the public at 5.30 a.m. Monday, April 3, at Massey Music Hall.

a big season this year; aquatics are booming and bicycling boys are busy. I have heard much talk of the new cycling frocks on hand, and some very smart ones are being put in shape by leading *couturières*. The Horse Show is also booming ahead; the sale of boxes next week will be the interesting event in this connection. The sale will take place at Hyslop's big place in King street next Tuesday. It is said that the prettiest matron in Toronto has decided to have a certain box, and that her rival is equally determined on that and no other. Interesting competition may be the result. Some ravishing hats were snapped up at the openings last month, which are now carefully wrapped in numberless folds of silver paper, and hidden jealously away from view, so that no one can have a duplicate design. Natty tailor-made gowns for the matinees are favorites, though it is safe to predict that madame and mademoiselle won't be content with such quiet garb if the weather be bright and warm. Flower-crowned hats and various splendors in silk and chiffon are too tempting to refuse them an airing any time after two o'clock. The smart party from Rideau Hall will add much to the *clat* of the show, and will doubtless enjoy it, for the present regime encourages all sorts of jollifications, and during the past winter both His Excellency and the Countess have shown by active participation in every sport—skating, hockey, skiing, and what you like—that they can enjoy life in motion more than in indolent quiescence. Hockey, by the way, is their latest enthusiasm. The "Loan Woman's" Exhibition, as an unintentionally funny Frenchwoman called it last month, will be brightened by a visit from the Vice-Regal pair. The chaperones who will have charge of the entertainment on the evening of this visit are rather feeling themselves favored by the happy chance. The waitresses at the tea-tables are to wear riding skirts, white satin waistcoats, "pink" coats and immense Gainsboro' riding hats, and some of the most charming girls and matrons in town are of their number.

Mrs. and Miss Brimson are at the Arlington. Many friends have been pleased to greet the handsome singer, Mademoiselle Toronto, who has been about a good deal on Easter shopping and business intent these mornings. Miss Brimson has the cutest wee doggie for a pet, trotting along in a smart little red coat, and keeping close to the heels of his lovely mistress.

Mr. Howard Martin came to Toronto on Thursday of last week with his friend Mr. Houghton, a Bostonian. The two bachelors now live in a charming flat in New York and have also a summer place in Long Island. Mr. Houghton has also been an extensive traveler and the pair are accomplished raconteurs, full of wit and fun. On Thursday evening Mr. and Mrs. George Hees entertained at dinner in their honor, and on Friday some of Miss Hees' intimates had the pleasure of a cup of afternoon tea with the New Yorkers. Mr. Howard Martin, by the way, is a near relative of Mrs. Eradley Martin, whose famous ball is yet among the wonders of modern luxury and which, rather inopportunistly, Dr. Rainsford fulminated against from his pulpit. Mr. Howard Martin and Mr. Houghton left on Saturday for New York, where Mr. Martin had to "talk" on Monday evening at the Waldorf-Astoria. On the evening of the lecture Dr. Parkin kindly presided and introduced the distinguished speaker, and the audience numbered many prominent persons in Toronto's smartest circles. A party from Government House came with Miss Mowat, and much enjoyed the "talk" on The Chinese at Home.

On Friday evening of last week Mrs. Jones gave a little dinner at the Queen's for Mr. Howard Martin. Mrs. Hardy and Mrs. Harry Totten were of the party. Mr. Totten, who has been such a sufferer from rheumatism, is now mending in health. Mrs. W. Goulding, whose severe burning accident laid her up some weeks ago, is now able to have her injured arm out of a sling.

The visit of Hon. Howard Martin to Toronto gave people a chance to verify the statement made by a recent writer that the pleasantest man on earth to meet is a cosmopolitan New Yorker. Mr. Martin has traveled and observed, and his observations have taken root in a rich intellect and brought forth correspondingly precious fruit. Personally of engaging manner and distinguished presence, with frank and modest estimates and pleasant facility he talks on any subject with a great deal of charm. He talks of the Chinese in an amusingly deprecatory way—they are awful, but they have a future, and the most bigoted anti-Mongolian won't dispute that they have a past. Many a *nouveaux riche* would gasp to hear of the unbroken pedigree record of the Duke of Connaught, a nobleman who was present at the first audience granted the foreign officials, of whom Mr. Martin was one, by the Emperor of China. It went back some three thousand years. Of Chinese habits, beginning with the untellable one in vogue at the birth of a first-born son, and which sent the audience into roars of laughter, down to the gruesome death scene at the public execution, which shocked everyone, Mr. Martin discoursed gravely, playfully or analytically, exhibiting a careful study of that extraordinarily contrary nation. "If you set the world's population in a line every third man would be a Chinaman," is a specimen of Mr. Martin's terse statistics. What he tells is so told that it sticks in the memory. Those who did not hear his talk on Friday last missed an educative and enjoyable hour.

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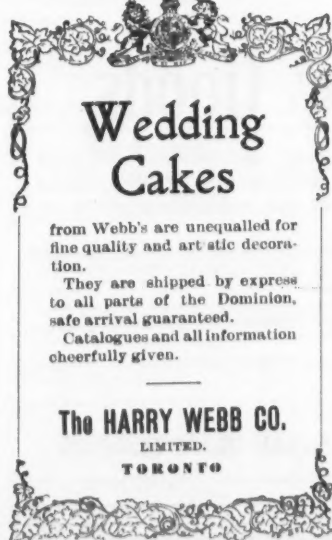
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Social and Personal.

REPARATION is the keynote of this week, and next week will bring in the harvest. The feast of Easter is the only one which combines questions religious and worldly. The Easter services are with good weather a revelation of the rejoicing Christian and a glorification of the Easter bonnet. The following day sees a general business atmosphere in the many churches of the Anglican persuasion, and vestrymen go about with care-shadowed brows. There are brides and bridegrooms, teas and luncheons, dinners and dances in Easter week, and the general local interest taken in the Loan Picture Exhibition has almost absorbed every section of society, frivolous or serious. There has been a great raking up of old aunts and uncles, and grandpas and grandmamas of long ago find themselves set out in unwonted modernity. And there are wonderful portraits of wonderful officers, and tremendously swell old dames, and quaint and curious and beautiful things innumerable are to be seen. The Loan Exhibition lasts for a fortnight, but there is no reason to suspect any danger of flagging interest, as the arrangements for each evening are constantly increasing in interest and novelty.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Eaton have gone to England. Miss Mabel Lee has returned from New York. Mrs. W. S. Lee and Mrs. J. Forbes Michie have moved north to Georgia. Mrs. Michie still continues to improve in her health.

Mrs. Dickenson, wife of the M.P.P. for Wentworth South, spent last week in the city. Mrs. Allen Aylesworth went on Saturday to Ottawa, where Mr. Aylesworth has been on business for some time. Mr. Ross Hayter has returned from a visit to Ottawa as the guest of the Speaker of the House. Miss Florence Macpherson, the contralto, returned last week from a successful visit in Buffalo.

The Governor General and the Countess of Minto will visit Toronto during Horse Show week, as His Excellency has promised to open the grand spring event. Already engagements are piling up for the Vice Regal couple. Lady Minto will perform her first official act in Toronto in laying the corner stone of St. Hilda's College, and the representatives of Royalty will attend the Loan Portrait Exhibition as well. The chaplains in charge of the Jockey Club evening are making very pretty schemes to welcome and honor their distinguished guests.

The very startling news of the sudden death of Mr. Frank Cockburn Clemow fell sadly upon the ears of many friends of his charming wife in Toronto. Mrs. Clemow was the gayest of the gay in the various bright festivities in Ottawa last week and welcomed her Toronto friends to her beautiful new home in Slater street with much cordiality. That sorrow has closed the hospitable doors and laid a heavy burden on the hearts of its mistress and her children is regretted sincerely by her Toronto friends, who send many thoughts of sympathy eastward this week.

Another Toronto lady, now residing at the Capital, to whom a sudden trouble has come within the past ten days is sweet Mrs. O'Connor (nee Hughes). Mrs. O'Connor came to town last week and was with her family in their sorrow over the death of a cherished father. Although not able, on account of the recent decease of her uncle, Mr. B. B. Hughes, to participate in the Ottawa gaieties, Mrs. O'Connor quietly welcomed Toronto friends by informal visits, and little anticipated the sad occurrence which so soon brought her among them in Toronto. She returned to the Capital on Monday.

The Ontario Society of Artists gave their annual dinner at the New Coleman on Saturday evening, and a most recherche and enjoyable event it was. The president, Mr. Reid, presided at the feast, and Williams served a most appetizing menu.

Mr. and Mrs. Plunkett Magan returned to town this week. Mrs. Hodgins has returned home; Miss Augusta Hodgins has gone to Montreal to visit Miss Gillespie.

Mr. T. A. Davies, the energetic director of Cooke's Bible Class Choir, has arranged an Easter musical service of much interest for tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock in Cooke's church, to which everyone is cordially invited. The choir will be assisted by Mrs. H. W. Parker, Miss Mae Dickenson, Miss Marie Wheeler, Miss Florence Macpherson, Mr. W. A. Archibald and Mr. Verral.

The Easter meeting of the Harbord Alumnae is to be held on Friday evening, April 7, in St. George's Hall, Elm street. The meeting will take the form of a masked sheet party. An interesting programme is being prepared by the committee. The girls of the fifth and sixth form and former girl students of the Collegiate are cordially invited to attend.

The marriage of Mr. J. H. Coburn, now of Walkerton, and Miss Carrie Lash, the young lady who is known from here to the west coast as the possessor of a most rich, cultured contralto voice, which has delighted thousands, and among her friends here is even more esteemed for her many charms of disposition and appearance, takes place on Tuesday next. It will be a quiet wedding, according to the wish of the principals. Mr. Coburn will be accompanied by Mr. Fred Jones as best man, while Miss Lash is to be attended by her sister and Miss Beddome as bridesmaids. Many hearty good wishes will be given to bride and groom by warm friends in Toronto, and the only thing they don't like is that Miss Lash will spend her married life so far away from them. St. Andrew's choir and the concert platform will miss their sweet singer, and society a bright and handsome girl.

Mrs. P. H. MacMahon of Aylmer is visiting Lady Meredith. Mr. and Mrs. Grace have gone to New York for the Easter holidays. Mr. Horace Boulton has gone to Europe for three months. Miss Emily Moss left, via New York, on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Squire Spriggs. Miss Violet Langmuir has returned from Buffalo.

The unthinking crowds are smiling at the idea of exhibiting horseless carriages at the Horse Show. It might be made a stunning feature if some of the horses could be induced to take seats in the carriages. A tandem horse sat down once on one of the chairs around which he was supposed to be driven, and didn't do it at all ungracefully. Surely there are some nice quiet old gray mares who would enjoy a whirl in the carriages, which might then be legitimately included as part of the Horse Show. It would draw the largest and best-natured crowd of the week, that is a certainty.

Among the visitors in Ottawa for the opening were Sir William and Lady Hingston of Sherbrooke street, Montreal, who have had Mrs. Frank Anglin as their guest. Lady Hingston wore a quiet gown of soft white silk with some delicate lace; Sir William was, as ever, a distinguished figure, and greeted his Toronto friends cordially. They hope to see him at the O. J. C. May meeting at the Woodbine, an interesting and able critic of pace and form, as well as of smart femininity.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pepler have left town to reside in Port Hope; they have taken as their home Judge Chisholm's former residence. Colonel and Mrs. Sweny have returned from New York.

Mrs. Herbert Mason of Ermeleigh expects her sister, Mrs. Ewart of Winnipeg, on a visit this week. Mrs. Ewart is one of the brightest and most popular of women, and is always welcome in Toronto.

Miss Clem Vanden Broeck and Miss Blackburn of Glenora are expected to be the guests of Mrs. G. Allen Case for Easter and the Horse Show.

"What did you most remark in Toronto as evidence of progress?" was the question asked of a visitor who has returned after nine years' absence. "The evidences of increased civilization," said he, "are good and clean roads, quick transportation and lessening of noise. Since I was here last your roads and transportation are immensely advanced, but the noise, well, you couldn't well have more!" The same observer says that the greatest factor for culture in the city is the Massey Music Hall, the most lowering thing the disposal of the city's sewage as at present managed.

Invitations have been issued for the marriage on Wednesday evening, April 5, of Miss Nellie Mosgrove Gunn, daughter of John G. Gunn, and granddaughter of John W. Oliver, editor of the *Yonkers Statesman*, to Mr. William Edward McClelland of Toronto. The ceremony will take place in the Church of the Holy Communion, Sixth avenue and 20th street, New York city, at eight o'clock, and a reception will follow at 39 West 20th street.

Mr. Roden Kingsmill left for Ottawa on Monday, where he has been appointed on the *Globe* staff.

A couple of dinners and a luncheon to a party of eighteen ladies have been the enjoyable events at Parklands during last week. The host and hostess of this most happy home always make their guests participants in an atmosphere of genial comfort. The exquisite pink roses which everyone admired, confess the love of the mistress of the mansion for the "green things growing" and her discriminating taste in their arrangement.

Mr. Winder Strathy has gone on a short visit to Florida with a party of New York friends. P.P.C. cards from Mrs. H. B. Dalrymple Bruce this week have reminded friends that she is to-day to become Mrs. Harry Hay, and good wishes are many for happiness to both the bride and bridegroom-elect.

The Wednesday Reading Club met at the home of Miss McGee and Mrs. W. O. Forsyth last week, when a musical and literary programme of unusual merit was presented to the members and a few invited friends. Those who took part were: Mrs. J. Willson Lawrence and

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Mr. & Mrs. Charles Goodman
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Mr. Graham Allen Browne,
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Miss Amy R. Jaffray, vocalists; Misses Belle H. Noonan and Louise Proctor, elocutionists, and Misses Gwendolyn Roberts and Abbie M. Helmer, pianists. The numbers were admirable and given with abandon and great skill, and all voted the entertainment one of the most pleasant yet given by the club.

The lovely home of Mrs. E. J. Lennox of Sherbourne street was en fete Thursday afternoon of last week, when the hostess entertained a large number of her guests at euchre. Many smart gowns were to be seen, and roses, tulips and daffodils lent an added charm to the handsome rooms. Among the guests were: Mrs. Willie Mulock, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mrs. (Dr.) Orr Hastings, Mrs. F. A. Hall, Mrs. (Dr.) Ross, Mrs. Will Hyslop, Mrs. (Dr.) Winnett, Mrs. E. A. Cox, Mrs. Charles Reid, Mrs. Charlie Lugdin, Mrs. Frederick Cox, Mrs. Moore, Mrs. R. Williams, Mrs. and Miss Sheridan, Mrs. Charles R. Lee, Mrs. (Dr.) Britton, Mrs. Joseph Irving, Miss Hatch, Mrs. Todhunter, Mrs. E. E. Sheppard and Mrs.

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Eastwood. The prizes were very pretty pieces of fancy work and were won by Mrs. J. H. Walker and Mrs. Britton.



"MR. CARTER has been away to-day," said Mr. Carter, "and we've had a glorious time."

The old man's great shoulders shook with laughter, though his face turned purple with the pain of repressing it.

"She's just got back, though she ain't doin' business yet. You'll see her presently, howsoever, goin' round, 'Good evenin', here and 'How are you?' there, and 'What time would you like to be called in the morning?' just as if she ran the Grand Central, instead of Old Man Carter. But, 'Whist! Hen on!'"

Again his shoulders shook, and his face became creased and purple. The great front room of the Grand Central was dimly lighted by a lamp over on the desk beside the register. The Grand Central Hotel, as may be seen by a reference to the business card Mrs. Carter will find opportunity to present you when you pay your score, is "located in the center of the town (of nine stores and a postoffice) most convenient to the merchants, thoroughly heated by hot water, newly furnished throughout, first-class accommodation for travelers, free 'bus to and from all trains, livery in connection, and is by inference not to be compared to the red-brick house, nearer the station, where they have none of these modern comforts. Mr. Carter, whose name is painted in faded black letters across the front of the building, is a native of Yorkshire, with an immense grith, an astonishing length of whisker, and the North Country Briton's love for strong ale and old, evil-smelling cheese. Gout or some kindred lameness makes a crooked stick a necessity when he walks. This stood between his knees, as he sat in his arm-chair, with his hands clasped over the crook. A white dog lay with his nose on the floor, at his feet. A fierce little red-hot coal stove did its best to make the haunted hot-water system a superfluity. The glow from the stove shone on his ruddy, be-whiskered countenance, emphasizing the twinkle in his eye and the wrinkles that come by much laughing.

"Old Man Carter's been everything around this place to-day; the barber, the baker, the candiestick maker, the boss, the bartender, and missus. We've done a roaring trade amongst the lot of us. 'Free drinks, boys,' I says. The boss is away to-day. I won't say we took in much money, but we had a busy day, just the same."

The wrinkles in the old man's cheeks closed in on his eyes until only two twinkles showed through.

"Old Man Carter is just a rough old fellow, ain't he? A big, dusty old dog, with a game leg, eh? Yes, I know what you commercial fellows think of me, when you sit there, sober as judges, winking your eye at each other. But Old Man Carter was quite a boy in his day—ask Mrs. Carter there; she'll tell you. Why, if he liked, he could dress up within two inches of his life; chimney-pot hat, with a band six inches high, black coat, stuck-up collar, and a gold-headed walking-stick. But, Lord bless you, the people would say: 'There goes Old Man Carter,' just the same; so what's the use?"

He looked twinklingly at the row of arm-chairs against the wall, and felt in the pocket of his capacious waistcoat for a match. Under the row of chairs ran a board, nailed to the seats, for the better subduement of restlessness, and for convenience in sweeping. Mr. Carter had a chair of his own with a cushion, the ordinary piece of furniture being too cramped for his dimensions. He lit the stump of a cigar and shook the match. "Mrs. Carter," said he, with a wicked screwing up of one eye.

Mrs. Carter was absorbed in politics four chairs away.

"Good evening, Mrs. Carter," repeated the old man.

"Well, sir?" said Mrs. Carter, imperiously. She was still attired in her best dress, a green silk, though the neckband and upper buttons being tight and the room warm, she had undone about six inches of it for the sake of comfort.

"I was just telling the gentlemen that you'd deserted me to-day, and left me to support myself."

"You're old enough by this time," said Mrs. Carter. "How did you get along?"

"Fine," said Mr. Carter, emphatically.

"Yes, I guess so," said Mrs. Carter. She was a stout, rosy person, with her head set imperiously back on her shoulders, and a look of will and determination about her. Wherever the geniality of the management lay, the

firmness of it was with her.

"I've got in an old squaw to take your place since you've been gone," said Mr. Carter. "I think I'll keep her permanent, and say 'good-bye' to Mrs. Carter No. 1."

"Do ye?" said Mrs. Carter. "Well, I'll be glad to go."

"No, no—I love you a little yet, Lizzy," said Old Man Carter, playfully. "You've been drinking too much to-day," said Mrs. Carter.

"I have, praise God. It's not often I get such a chance," returned Old Man Carter.

THE foreman of the M. C. R. bridge gang had gone to bed, lighted by Mrs. Carter and the stable lantern. The couple of muddy, stolid hired men and the tipsy farmer had gone their ways out into the darkness and the slush. The hostler, who had been temporarily but doubly blessed with a stiff neck and a sore throat, and had a grey sock pinned where his collar should have been, sat with his heels out before him on the floor, chin on chest, and gaze fixed steadily on nothing, his eyebrows arched, and his brow rumpled reflectively. Now and again his jaw would work, as he rolled his quid of tobacco, but very carefully, so as not to jolt his stiff neck.

The saddlery-hardware man was asleep in his chair. He had caught an early train that morning and been up late the night before. Mrs. Carter, returned from upstairs, had set her lantern in the middle of the floor, and seemed to be only waiting until it should please the commercial traveler and myself to go to bed.

The lamp on the desk was getting dim, and the shadows of the big room correspondingly blacker. Only the stove glowed redder than ever. Outside, one could hear the melting snow running into the soft-water barrel.

"Jock," said Mr. Carter, suddenly. The dog sprang up from the floor, and put his front paws on the old man's knee.

"English bull terrier," said Mr. Carter, rubbing the dog's back with his stick. "Thoroughbred. A man offered me fifty dollars for him when he was six months old, and I laughed at him. Fetch 'em, Jock." Jock ran to the door, whining in great excitement.

"Now bring on your rats," said Mr. Carter, "or your dogs. Never was licked in his life. Is anybody out there, Jock? No? Is all safe for the night? Stable door locked? All right, say 'good night' to the gentlemen, Jock. That's right. Now, go to bed, like a good dog."

Jock obediently left the room, and we could hear his claws tapping down the hall.

"Clever dog that," said Mr. Carter. "But nothing to one I used to have. St. Bernard, he was, a great, big, rough-coated fellow, the size of a calf. When I'd come down in the morning, he used to come and put his paws up on my shoulders, and I could hardly hold him."

"Many's the time he's knocked me down, kissin' me," said Mrs. Carter. "He could put his paws right around my neck."

"I taught him to grab a man by the heel and throw him. I used to practice him on Bill, here. You remember him, Bill?"

Bill slowly and carefully raised the top of his face from his lower jaw, until he had sufficient space to speak from. "It was me that buried him," he said.

"So it was," said Mr. Carter, "and I'd rather you'd had to bury one of the horses."

"I remember that night just as well—," said Mrs. Carter. "I said to Mr. Carter, 'I think I'll just have a biscuit and a glass of ale before I come to bed.' I ses, 'All right,' he ses, 'Lock the back door before you come up,' he ses; so I has my glass of ale, and then I goes out to lock the back door—I remember I had a part of my biscuit in my hand—and I takes a look round the yard. We used to keep the dog chained up to the wagon after dark. Well, I drops the biscuit, and comes right upstairs. 'Oh, John,' I ses, 'your dog is poisoned.' I ses: 'you'd better come down and see to him,' I ses. 'Give him all the milk he can drink,' he ses; 'if he's poisoned, he's poisoned,' he ses, 'and I can't do any good gettin' out of bed,' he ses, so I give him all the milk he could drink, but, would you believe it, in half an hour the dog was dead."

The old lady, having reached her climax, collapsed for want of breath.

"Yes," said the old man away down in his chest, "if I'd 'a' caught that man on my place next day, yes, and for a week after, I'd 'a' shot him." His figure stiffened in his chair, and his eyes flashed where they had twinkled.

"Yes, I knowed who done it, though

I never right out proved it on him. Ben Harrison, it was, the cur, and I ain't afraid to say it. Oh, I accused him of it when I saw him, though he kept out of my way for long enough afterward. 'What were you doin' around at half-past ten at night, like you was seen?' I ses, 'We're all closed up here at ten o'clock every night,' I ses, 'and you know it.' The rat couldn't even lie so as to sound straight. 'Gettin' a parcel I left in the driving shed,' he ses; him that hasn't got a dog to his name, let alone a horse. What would he be doin' in the driving shed? 'Get off my property,' I ses, 'and if I ever catch you on it again, I'll shoot you,' I ses."

Very dramatic was the fire and ring of the old man's voice, with his shaggy head and angry brows brought out by the red glow.

"You see, he was here one night, drinking, and I ses: 'Look here, Ben, you've had enough,' I ses. 'I won't give you another drop,' I ses. 'You'd better go on home.' He always was a mean sort of a cuss, and he wouldn't go. I was a little younger then, and I hadn't this game leg. I'm pretty strong, even yet, but that night I was mad. I never did like this Harrison, anyway; so I just took him up like a kid and threw him out into the road. He gets up and comes back to the door. His face was bleedin' from where he fell. 'Carter,' he ses, 'mark my words, I'll get even, he ses. Two weeks after, my dog was dead."

The old man paused and stared at the stove with his long beard pressed against his breast.

"If he had 'a' tried to get even on me some way—some mean trick or other on me, myself, for he couldn't do anything to hurt me square—I would have forgiven him; but to go and poison the dog! . . . I had a horse doctor stoppin' in the house, and I gave him five dollars to open the dog up and find what killed him. He came to me, and he ses: 'Carter,' he ses, 'did you give your dog anything to eat last night?' 'No,' I ses. 'Didn't you give him a piece of beef?' he ses. 'No,' I ses, 'nor nobody else in this house.' 'Well, somebody did,' he ses, 'and that's what killed him.' And he showed me a hunk of meat as big as your hand. 'You go ahead and see what's on that meat,' I ses. Well, sir, he did it, and he ses: 'Carter,' he ses, 'there was enough on that there piece of meat to kill five men,' he ses. . . . I forget the name of it—not arsenic, not strychnine, not carbolic, but somethin' like that, with awful pain. I cursed him. And Mr. Carter rose from his chair, raised his stick, tragically picturesque, in the dim, uncertain light, and cursed him again.

"Oh, well, it's all past and gone, now," said Mr. Carter.

"Past and gone," repeated Old Man Carter, "past and gone years ago. Will you gentlemen take something before Mrs. Carter puts you to bed?"

"What's that?" said the saddlery-hardware man, waking with a start.

"They're all alike, these travelers," said Old Man Carter, winking at me.

"WHAT'LL you have?" said Old Man Carter, from behind the bar, where, with his wife's print apron round his waist, and a towel over his shoulder, he looked perfectly at home and comfortable.

"A glass of ale," said the saddlery-hardware man.

"That's right," said Old Man Carter, "and as I would like a glass of ale myself, we'll just open a pint bottle of something extra choice. This is no ordinary ale, that I have reference to. No, sir. This is imported stock, sir, from England. Do you know where that is? Well, it's a little island over on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, where they know how to make beer that is beer."

"A pint bottle won't do for three of us," said the saddlery-hardware man.

"Will you have ale, too, sir?" asked Old Man Carter.

"Please," said I.

"Well, so much the better," said Mr. Carter. "We'll open a quart bottle, and if there's any left, why I'll see that it don't spoil." He screwed up his left eye in a manner that set all serious doubts at this important point at rest.

"Here we are," said Mr. Carter. "Will you have a biscuit? Thank'ee, same to you, and 'High Tiddle,' as the feller says." Mr. Carter emptied his glass, and wiped the bar off with his towel. Then he took a bite of a soda biscuit, and leaned towards us confidentially.

"I want to show you fellows something," said he, in a mysterious undertone. He nodded his head diagonally, and wiped his hands on his ap-

ron. "Just you wait a minute." He finished wiping his hands, and then, pushing his apron aside, felt about in his trousers pocket. Presently he produced a key. With this he unlocked a cupboard. From the cupboard he drew an ordinary galvanized iron bucket, with a cloth over it, and set it on the bar. All this was with great deliberation of movement, and momentousness of manner.

"Look there," he said, withdrawing the towel.

"What is it?" we asked.

"It's a Yorkshire cheese," said Old Man Carter. "Imported five years ago come July, and soaking in brandy ever since." He looked at us cheerfully.

"Get out," said the saddlery man.

"Fact," said Mr. Carter. "Smell it."

"I guess you're right," said the saddlery man.

Old Man Carter lifted it carefully from the pail and set it on the bar. "See, it's got the smallpox," said he, admiringly. "Sure sign of age chat."

He turned it upside down, when it was discovered that a portion of it had been scooped out.

"I'm going to give you fellows a treat," said Old Man Carter. He took a spoon and gouged out a morsel the size of a cent. "Try it," he said, handing the spoon to the saddlery man. "It's not often you get a chance at a cheese like that."

The saddlery man took a biscuit. "I'll do my best," he said. He nibbled the bit of cheese and the biscuit alternately.

"Have a piece," said Mr. Carter.

"No, thank you," said I. "None of our family ever touch it."

"Don't know what's good for 'em," said Mr. Carter, in disgust. He took a piece himself, and ate it with relish. "Valuable piece of cheese that," said he. "We only cut it a spoonful at a time. That there cheese has soaked up a pint of the best French brandy since Christmas—well, you can see how much there is left." He got a whisky glass, and scooped up some of the liquid in the bottom of the pail. "Taste it, and tell me what it is," said he.

The saddlery man took a sip.

"Is that brandy or is it not?" asked Mr. Carter anxiously.

"It tastes of cheese," said the saddlery man.

"Well, don't drink it all," said Mr. Carter, remonstratively. "I'd like a taste of it myself."

"You can get some more out of the bucket," said the saddlery man.

"Well, all right," said Mr. Carter. He tilted the pail and filled a pony.

"Yes, that's brandy," said he. "Good brandy, (sip), the best brandy (finishing it). Yes, sir, that's what it is, all right, best French brandy. Pail's pretty near dry, ain't it? Well, we'll just fix that."

He took half a bottle of liquor off the shelf, and poured it into the pail.

"Now, we'll just put her back," said he, "and then I'll tell you a little story. . . . There was a man in this house once, a horse dealer he was, and he was desperate fond of cheese. Well, I happened to have a cheese on hand at the time, a good old one—Oh, my Lord, yes, this one is just an infant to it, a suckling child to what that one was. It was a good old stager, a cheese that had seen life, sir, and was just about tired of it, too. A regular old cripple, he was, decrepit and rheumatic, weakened and dried up—walked around on crutches, he did. Not that he didn't live for many years after that, mind you—Oh, yes; them Yorkshire cheeses is tough. You see, they've got the vitality. Well, this horse dealer chap that I'm a-tellin' of, he was here havin' a glass of ale and some biscuits, and a nibble at this here cheese, when somebody came to the door and called him out. It was a warm day in the summer time, and he'd laid his hat on the bar. When the fellow called him he ran out, leavin' his glass of beer undrunk, and his hat beside it. Intendin' to be back in a minute or two. Well, the fellow kep' him longer than he expected, and meanwhile I sees the hat. What does I do but takes my pocket-knife and pares off two fine slices of the old cheese and slips 'em under the band inside his hat. Well, he comes back, after a while and finishes his ale, and puts on his hat. 'Good-bye, Carter,' he ses, 'I've got to go away for a week,' he ses. 'I'll ship horses from your house a week from to-morrow,' he ses, 'so, be ready for me,' he ses. 'I will,' I ses. Well, he goes away. When I sees him again he looks the picture of sickness. 'Carter,' he ses, 'I wish't I'd never seen that damn cheese.' 'Why?' I ses, innocent as a lamb. 'Because I've been able to smell nothing else ever since,' he

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says. 'That little bit I et must 'a' got into my pores,' he ses, 'and all through my blood.' 'It's just a touch of indigestion,' I ses. 'I've got something that'll fix that.' Then, give it to me, quick, Carter, old man, and I'll never forget you, for it's awful,' he ses. 'You look feverish,' I ses. 'I am feverish, he ses. 'Have you got a headache?' I ses. 'I should think I had,' he ses. 'Take off that damn hat,' I ses, and go and lie down in the sittin' room,' I ses, and I grabs his hat and hangs it on a peg. 'I'll send something in that'll fix you up in no time,' I ses. I gets the girls in the kitchen to take him in a bowlful of bran mash, and meanwhile, I gets his hat and takes the cheese out. Then I goes in and gives him a talk. 'It's nasty,' I ses, 'like all the good, old home remedies, but it's a curer,' I ses; 'many's the attack it's cured me of,' I ses. 'You just clean that dish out, I ses, 'and if you ain't a strong man, my name ain't Carter.' 'It looks like bran mash,' he ses. 'There is bran in it,' I ses, 'but you just eat it.' Well, he did it all right, and he came to me in about an hour, and said he was beginning to feel better. I told him he couldn't expect it to work all at once, but he took his hat and went out. After supper that night, he came into the bar. 'Carter,' he said, 'you're the best friend I've got. That stuff acted like a charm,' he ses. 'I've just eat the first square meal I eat for a week,' he ses. 'It's my treat,' he ses, 'what'll you have?' 'If you don't mind,' I ses, 'I'll just help myself to a bit of that cheese,' I says.

Really? Critic—Yes; but—not till then.—Pearson's Weekly.

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Gossip at Large.

THE presentations at the Queen's
first Drawing Room this year
were in many ways notable.
Perhaps the most interesting
presentation was that of Miss
Pauline Astor, daughter of the well-
known American millionaire. With
that modest indifference to rank which
always characterizes wealthy demo-
crats, Mr. W. W. Astor took care that
only a Duchess should present his child.
The Duchess of Buccleuch was, there-
fore, her sponsor in the Thorne Room.
The prettiest of all the debutantes
was the daughter of Lady Jane Vivian.
The Duchess of Roxburghe presented
two daughters—namely, Lady Margaret
Orr-Ewing, who was married last
autumn, and a tall, shy, slender girl,
Lady Isabel Innes-Kerr.

The presentation honors certainly
fell to the Duchess of Montrose, for
she not only brought a lovely daughter
to Court in the person of Lady Her-
mione Graham, who was granted a
smiling welcome by the Royalties, but
a notable niece, Lady Annabel Crewe-
Milnes, daughter of Lord Crewe. This
cheery girl is said to be delighted at
the paradox of her greatest friend,
Lady Peggy Primrose, becoming her
step-mother, though only a year her
senior.

A somewhat unwonted circumstance
was the presentation of the Lady
Mayoresse by the wife of the Prime
Minister. The Mansion House is a very
dull place during the present tenure.
A very appropriate introduction was
that of Lady Rundell, wife of the
Egyptian official, by Lady Wolseley.
Lady de la Rue presented her daughter,
Mrs. Grantham, who married a son of
Mr. Justice Grantham.

Lady Marjorie Hamilton-Gordon, a
very clever and witty girl, was pre-
sented by her mother, Lady Aberdeen,
who also ushered to Court the Can-
adian, Mrs. Fulford, of Brockville.
Lady Isobel Gathorne-Hardy will be
very rich, as she is the only daughter
of Lord and Lady Derby. Lady Brad-
ford, the wife of the Commissioner of
Police, was a bride of last season. She
is tall and dark, with a redundancy
of vigorous health, and is the daughter
of Mr. W. Nicholson. Mrs. Unacke,
presented by Lady Isabel Keen, is the
daughter of Mr. Leo Schuster, and is
married to a fascinating and popular
officer in the Gordon Highlanders.

Lady Russell of Killowen brought
out a daughter, Miss Margaret Rus-
sell, of whom little is yet known. Lady
Winifred Renshaw, one of the two
sisters married within three days, was
presented by her aunt, Lady Dart-
mouth. The prettiest Irish bride is
Mrs. Robert Saunders, who was much
admired. Another dainty beauty was
Mrs. Heron Maxwell, who as Miss Blois
used to skate to perfection and dance
to the finish of every ball. The Countess
Hoyos presented three daughters, all
Countesses in their own right. A
physician named Treves had not only
his wife but two daughters presented;
while Mrs. Darrell brought two daugh-
ters to Court. Amid all the uniforms
Mr. Henry White, of the American
Legation, was the only man in plain
evening clothes.

Speaking of Lord Crewe, that noble-
man will lead from the altar a very
wealthy bride when he makes Lady
Peggy Primrose his second wife. The
late Lady Rosebery was Baron Meyer
de Rothschild's favorite daughter,
Hannah. She left him at her death.
In 1890, three-quarters of a million at
his absolute disposal. Therefore a
large dowry is sure to go with the hand
of his daughter, as Lord Rosebery is
so delighted at this engagement with
his greatest friend. Lord Crewe him-
self must have an income far exceed-
ing fifty thousand a year. He inher-
ited from his father, the wit, Monck-
ton Milnes, twelve thousand a year, and
from his uncle, the last Lord
Crewe, forty thousand a year, with
the pictures at Crewe Hall, which are
worth a quarter of a million at least.
Few people are aware that Lord
Crewe is not only a poetaster, but a
frequent contributor to society papers.
Though a Radical, his haughty exclu-
siveness would be worthy of the
most Tory Vere de Vere.

The 10th of March was the thirty-
sixth anniversary of the marriage of
the Prince of Wales. Of the Princess
it may be said that from the day she
was called, at the age of eighteen,
from her quiet home in Denmark, down
to the present time, she has carried
all before her. Various stories were
current about the first meeting of the
Prince and Princess. We have all
heard of how the eldest son of the
Queen fell in love with the photograph
of a young girl in a simple muslin
frock, with a velvet ribbon round the
throat, which a boon companion drew
from his pocket. "Who is that beauti-
ful girl?" asked the Prince. "The
daughter of the Prince of Denmark,"
was the reply. The Prince of Wales
said nothing, but he lost no opportunity
in despatching a confidential friend to
the Danish Court to judge if the
Princess was as lovely as the picture
represented her. The answer was that
she was even fairer, and the courier
gave a description of a girl of dazzling
beauty, with a clear complexion,
gazelle-like eyes, and chestnut hair,
who was as amiable as she was accom-
plished, and whose qualities of heart
equalled those of her form. After such
a report the Prince made speedy ar-



"You told me when you proposed to me that you earned six marks a day, and you only bring me home three—you lying wretch!"
"I didn't lie about it. A man earns at least six marks working on a canal, but that's not saying that he gets it."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

rangements to visit Denmark, and the
result the whole world knows.

The Hofburg of the Hapsburgs is
never of late out of mourning. Once
again one of the Imperial family of
Hapsburg-Lorraine has been gathered
to her fathers in the person of the
Archduchess Maria Immaculata Cle-
mentine, only daughter of Ferdinand
II. of the Two Sicilies, and widow of
Archduke Charles Salvator, who died
at Vienna, in January, 1892. The
Archducal couple made a model man
and wife, and were blessed with ten
children, five of whom survive. The
deceased Archduchess was born at
Naples in 1844, and married at the
age of seventeen, at Rome, the second
son of Grand Duke Leopold II. of Tus-
cany, who had abdicated in 1859. She
is described as being of a sweet and
gentle disposition, void of all preten-
sions and exceedingly devoted to her
family. In her youth she was regarded
as the most accomplished of contem-
poraneous Italian Princesses, and to her
the palm was held in virtue of her
facial loveliness. At her own request
her remains were not embalmed, and
she lay in state in the private chapel
in her palace, dressed in white moire
silk, with a black cross studded with
pearls in her hands. It will be re-
membered that a few years ago the
Archduchess was at death's door in
consequence of a new black silk
stocking causing blood poisoning.

The oldest English peer living is
the Earl of Perth. "Gang Warily" is
his motto, and he has followed it for
he has lived ninety-two years. He is
hereditary Thane of Lennox, and is
also Duc de Melfort and Comte de
Lussan in France. High, however, as
are his honors, he has not a seat in
the House of Lords, his peerage being
Scottish.

A shocking story comes from the
village of Tetellen, in Hungary. A
certain cook in service in the place
was in possession of a lottery ticket,
which she had purchased years before
when in Vienna. A Vienna bank where
she deposited the ticket wrote recently
to inform her that she was the lucky
winner of the chief prize. The news
spread like wildfire through the vil-
lage, and two gendarmes who had been
paying her court for some time offer-
ed her marriage. On her choosing
one, the other became so infuriated
that he threatened to kill them both.
They were discovered shot dead soon
after, while their murderer committed
suicide by throwing himself in front of
a passing train. On the day of his
funeral and that of his two victims a
letter arrived from the Vienna bank
addressed to the cook, in which she
was informed, with innumerable apol-
ogues, that her ticket had not been
drawn at all, a mistake having been
made in one of the figures.

Poor Thing.

Her friends said she was clever.
Her foes confessed it too.
"The press" at times proclaimed it—
"What could the poor girl do?"
With all this vast assertion
She half believed it true;
So now they sneer: "She's clever,
But then, she knows it, too."
—Alma Frances McCollum,
Peterboro', March, '98.

Miss Greene—You sing in the Wes-
ley street church, don't you? Miss
Crochet—Yes, Miss Greene—Then, you
must know that gentleman over op-
posite. I have seen him going into the
Wesley street church Sunday after
Sunday. Miss Crochet—Oh, yes; he
fills in the intermissions when the
choir is not singing. He is the pastor.
—Boston Transcript.

Miss Smart—Oh, yes; we had a
lovely time at the ball, Dr.—Dr.—Dr.—
oh, dear I always forget your last
name. Dr. Smythe (patronizingly mod-
est)—Oh, never mind! Just call me
simple "doctor." Miss Smart (quick-
ly)—All right, simple doctor. (Total
collapse of Smythe.)—Judge.

Mrs. Hornbesk—What is this game
of golf that's in the papers so much,
anyhow? Farmer Hornbesk—Wal, so
far as I kin make out, it's nothin'
but a kind of solitary croquet.—Puck.

First Cook (reading)—Wanted, to
go to Connecticut, a first-class cook.
Good wages. Second Cook—Niver, on
yer loife. Sure, isn't that where they
make alarm clocks?—Jewelers' Week-
ly.

FRIGHTFUL AGONY.

Endured by Victims of Stone in
the Bladder.

No Hope of Escape Except by Using Dodd's
Kidney Pills—They Remove the Stone
Quickly, Easily and Permanently.

Montreal, P. Q., March 27.—No agony
that falls to the lot of suffering hu-
manity, is greater, more terrible, nor
harder to bear than is that caused by
the formation of a stone in the blad-
der.

The complaint is so common, and
so frequently spoken of that the ter-
rible significance of the name itself is
lost. If we were to speak of a "stone
in the brain," or "a stone in the heart,"
the terrible nature of the disease
would be apparent at once, because
we are not used to the expression, and
its meaning forces itself upon us in-
stantly.

Now, "a stone in the brain" would
not be more out of place than "a
stone in the bladder." Nor would it
cause near so much suffering, as the
nerve centers would become paralyzed
and feeling would die.

But stone in the bladder is alarm-
ingly common. Thousands suffer the
most horrible tortures from it. Thou-
sands die from it.

And yet it is very easily cured. There
is a remedy—Dodd's Kidney Pills—
that cures it quickly, easily and
painlessly.

In proof of this statement, it is ne-
cessary only to quote the following
letter written by Madame Campagne,
of 167 St. Urbain street:

"I have suffered with stone in the
bladder, and though I underwent dif-
ferent treatments, and used various
remedies, I got no relief till I took
Dodd's Kidney Pills. Five boxes re-
moved the stone, built up my health,
strength and flesh, and made a new
woman of me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are a positive
cure for stone in the bladder, and
every other form of Kidney Disease.

Angy New—Yes, I quarrelled with
the leading man, and, as all the others
in the company sided with him, I re-
signed. Sue Brette—But didn't any-
one take your part? Angy New—Only
my understudy.—Town Topics.



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ing English makers. Prices always the lowest.

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BOVRIL unlike the artificial stimulants so commonly resorted to
Rallies the System up to a resisting point. It supplies a
store of warmth from a store of strength. It nourishes the
Blood and makes Brain, Bone and Muscle. It is the surest
Safeguard Against Colds, Chills and kindred ail-
ments, and has proved invaluable in arresting incipient influenza.

BOVRIL, Limited 30 Farringdon Street, London, England
CANADIAN BRANCH—25-27 St. Peter St., Montreal

The Young Male Being.

THEY were four specimens of
the more aggressive type of
traveling "Americans," who
seem, like the Wandering Jew,
compelled to wend their weary
way from place to place, ap-
parently because their own coun-
trymen have had the skill and good
sense to ship them off to Europe. They
sailed into the English tea-rooms at
—Cosmopolis with an air of sta-
and-striper condescension which im-
plied that they knew they were hope-
lessly compromising their dignity
(says Modern Society), but still, after
all, on the Continent, what does it
matter?

When the obsequious waiter sug-
gested, with a polite bow, that they
would perhaps take tea and muffins,
the younger male being, a youth of
about seventeen, with a face like an
under-done acorn, exclaimed: "Great
Scott! Do they really profess to serve
muffins in a place like this? Well,
they'll probably kill at twenty paces,
but we're no cowards, and if it comes
to sudden death, why, I reckon coffins
are probably cheap in this forsaken
country."

And so on, with many other remarks
of the same sparkling brand of wit,
all for the benefit of the stylish-look-
ing young lady at the desk, close by,
who sat stroking her little dog, which
lay on a chair beside her. Presently
the scone-faced youth got up, slowly
removed his overcoat, and then with

great deliberation plumped it down on
top of the chair on which the little
dog was reposing; and then turned
and grinned at his companions, under
the evident impression that he had
perpetrated a stroke of humor. The
little dog, after a few struggles, suc-
ceeded in freeing itself from the folds
of the coat and, having jumped down,
trotted off into a corner. "Toto! To-
to!" called the young lady at the desk.
"I guess my name's not Toto!"
drawled the scone-faced one, with
calm, Transatlantic cheek, winking
once more at the other three.

"Pardon me," she said, politely, "but
I was speaking to the other puppy."
A rich blush mantled to the roots of
his freckles, but young America was
not going to be beat like that.

"Oh, I say; but that's a chestnut!"
he protested, feebly.
"Yes," replied the lady, calmly, "I
suppose it is; but I fancy it has burnt
your fingers all the same."
And the hero from Muskegon won-
dered whether it was true that Eng-
lish girls are all as plain and ill-
dressed and deficient in "snap" as
they are supposed to be "on the other
side."

Good Blood and Sound Muscles.

Scott's Emulsion is a blood-making
and strength-producing food. It re-
moves that feeling of utter helpless-
ness which takes possession of one
when suffering from general debility.

Ask the Porter.

To show you the new gas broilers re-
cently put in service on the modern
Wagner cars, now operated by the
C. P. R. and New York Central, the
next time you make the trip, and see
for yourself how easy a nice steak,
chicken, or chops can be cooked and
served. Daily service at 5.20 p.m.
from Union Station. Rates as low as
any other line. Ask C. P. R. agents
for any information regarding the
route, tickets, reservations, etc., or
address Harry Parry, General Agent,
New York Central, Buffalo.

"Miss Mary, are you sorry that
your sister Evelyn is married?" "No,
it advances me one number."—Chicago
Record.

Bronco Pete—There's a war-hero
coming in on the next train, stranger,
and we're going to have a reg'lar
kissin' bee! Stranger—Won't he ob-
ject? Bronco Pete—Oh! it ain't a
"he," stranger; it's ole man Peters'
darter Sal wot's bin down in Cuby as
a Red Cross nuss!—Puck.

"I have invited several army offi-
cers," said the hostess, "and I am
anxious that the occasion shall be
something unique and appropriate. I
don't want anything commonplace,
like a five-o'clock tea, or a pink tea,
or a violet tea." "Well," suggested
Miss Cayenne, after deliberation,
"why not make it a beef tea?"—
Washington Star.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
has been used by mothers for their children while
teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of
your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain
of cutting teeth? If so, need at once get a bottle of
"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children
teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the
poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it,
mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dar-
rins, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind
colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and
gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs.
Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is
pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of
the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in
the United States, and is for sale by all druggists
throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a
bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-
ing Syrup."

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor

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THIS is wonder week at the theaters of Toronto, for two of the play-houses are given over to magicians, fairies and goblins. At the Grand Opera

House Herrmann is dealing in sleight of hand and creating all kinds of optical illusions, while at the Toronto Opera House Hanlon's Superba unfolds a series of scenes and happenings that are full of the splendors and surprises of dreamland. The man who has never seen Herrmann nor Hanlon's Superba can make a week of it, and I envy him his sensations. There is, of course, in this age of the world, little fear that anybody will attribute the marvels that they will see to satanic agency, but one cannot help wondering what might have happened to a man like Herrmann if he had dared to be so clever in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, or in Old Canada when the Jesuit Fathers found the air full of signs and footprints of the Evil One in the snow almost daily. It would have gone particularly hard with Herrmann if he had fallen into the hands of the witch-smellers of Massachusetts, for he has that French cast of countenance which the earlier illustrators of John Bunyan loved to give to Apollyon. But in these days we know that Satan has given up such idle practices as sending agents about mystifying people with petty tricks that do them no harm. He has bigger game now, and vaster engines; the tricks of the wrist are tricks of the wrist and no more, and holy men may acquire them if they apply their energies assiduously. Time was when a man saw anything that he could not explain, he attributed it to supernatural agencies; now, although he cannot explain half the things that he sees about him every day, he is satisfied that they all come from natural causes. We have progressed so far from the superstitious stage that there has fallen upon the people a phlegmatism that is quite reprehensible, for how many people do you suppose are there in Toronto who know anything about electricity, its nature, its power? How many passengers on an electric street car, if asked why and how the car runs, can explain the phenomenon? "It runs by electricity. You see there are overhead wires connecting with the power house, and that pole connects the car with the wires." This would be the best that you could expect from any of them, yet that would be no explanation at all of this marvel of modern life—this power, fine as thought, hauling huge burdens, constituting a miracle greater than any ever produced by a Herrmann ancient or modern.

The new Herrmann gives pretty much the same exhibition as did his late uncle, who was always so popular in Toronto. We miss a few of the old tricks but witness several new ones. Madame Herrmann plays a much more important part in the show that she did in her husband's day. She not only dances with filmy robes played upon by colored lights, but she appears on the stage and works some wonders herself.

Hanlon's Superba was welcomed quite heartily on its reappearance in town this week, as was evidenced by the crowd that surged about the doors of the Toronto Opera House before every performance. The spectacular gorgeousness and the mirth-provoking mechanical contrivances render Superba worth going to see if only "just for a change," or for a very good laugh. The plot that runs through it is probably known to the majority of theater-goers in Toronto—the conflict of two fairies, a good and bad one, over two loyal but quite helpless lovers, with the triumph of the good fairy and the reunion of the long-parted young people in the end. There is heard in addition a deep, gruff voice summoning the bad fairy, like "the iron tongue of midnight," to a place that is only inferred by the appearance of two troops who carry her off. "And

she was the best-looking woman of the lot," said the small boy regretfully, as he minutely described the "show" to his patient sister. This is the first time that this famous spectacular show has been presented in Toronto at popular prices, and the success attending the venture has been pronounced.

The Banker's Daughter at the Princess Theater this week is one of the most interesting dramas the Cummings Stock Company has put on this season. There are in it some stirring scenes, and the parts have been well allotted. It is really the first opportunity Miss Hall has had of showing what her merits are, and the result is satisfactory.

This has been a very successful season in New York. Charles Frohman heads the list of managers with profits amounting to \$300,000; Jacob Sitt cleared \$150,000; Al. Hayman, \$100,000; Maurice Grau, \$75,000; Klaw & Erlanger, \$75,000; and Richard Mansfield, \$70,000. The earnings of the leading singers are said to have been as follows, although these figures are not, perhaps, very accurate: Sembrich, \$28,800; Lehmann, \$26,250; Nordica, \$24,800; Kames, \$15,000; Brema, \$10,000; Engle, \$4,000; Saville, \$4,000; Mantelli, \$4,000; Adams (per month), \$800; Melba, \$3,600; Zelle de Lussan, \$2,000; Schumann-Heink (per month), \$1,000. Of the tenors, Jean de Reszke is said to have earned \$63,800; Van Dyck, \$23,000; Saleza, \$10,000; Dippel, \$8,000; Salignac, \$6,000; Ceppi, \$3,000; Baritone—Maurel, \$6,000; Albers, \$6,000; Bispham, \$7,500; Campanari (per month), \$1,500; Basses—Van Rooy, \$12,000; Plancon, \$12,000; Edouard de Reszke, \$28,200.

These figures are surprisingly large, but when all is said and done it generally happens that in the ups and downs of the profession the worn-out manager, actor or singer is worse off in old age than at any earlier period of life. On the death of Fanny Davenport it was found that her large fortune had almost entirely disappeared. Margaret Mather, although she drew a salary of hundreds of dollars per week, did not leave behind her money enough to pay for her burial. The big New York managers who have this year made profits that reach the proportions of a fortune, may next season drop every dollar they own. There is no man so outrageously over-paid as the actor, but he probably does not know it because he is the most extravagant and generous of men, and seldom saves anything. He meets so many actors now down in the world whom he used to know when they were popular idols, that he is always giving. Many stories of reckless generosity could be told that would astonish business men and philanthropists. But it will not always be as it is now with regard to salaries, for the Theatrical Trust has probably no purpose more definitely formed in its mind than to wear down that managerial competition which enables an actor who can do a song and dance to earn \$100 per week, and the woman who can sing coon songs or do the chappie down Broadway act to draw \$300 per week. This woman is paid at the rate of \$15,000 per annum, and, to use a comparison that actors will understand, Admiral Dewey, by a special outburst of generosity on the part of his Government, is hereafter to be paid \$13,000 per annum. Ability is the thing that an actor needs, and at current prices he is overpaid. Managerial competition has kept prices up, but this rivalry is diminishing, and actors will do well to salt down a few shillings as did Joe Murphy, the father of the American stage.

The Countess Russell made her debut as a professional actress at Plymouth, England, on Monday, March 13, and goes on tour playing the leading feminine part in *The Runaway Girl*.

Dr. Conan Doyle will offer in his stage version of Sherlock Holmes a new phase of that hero's career. The stories of him that already existed did not seem to lend themselves to dramatic treatment.

Romeo Counting the Cost.

London Globe.

MANY a poet and poetess, from Sappho down, has sung the rapturous glories of love's young dream. Which of all of them has showed us the perplexity of young Romeo's mind, the tragic realism of his laborious arithmetical calculations, as he sits down with pen and ink, to count the cost of leading Juliet to the altar? Has he, financially, the right to ask her the momentous question? Is his income sufficient to secure Juliet from any lack of the luxuries to which she has been accustomed in the house of Capulet? Above all, will papa Capulet deem it sufficient when he is asked for his consent and blessing? Alone, in his bachelor's chambers, Romeo is very comfortable, nor altogether a stranger to luxury. But he is alone, which is not good for man; he is very much in love; there is only one girl in the world for him; can he ever grapple with the expenses which are incidental to marriage with the one ideal woman, an ethereal creature, no whit lower than the angels? He will have to take a house—no ordinary house will serve as the abiding-place of an ethereal, angelic ideal—and it will have to be furnished with full measure of the dainty poetry of Tottenham Court road. Delicate meats daily for Juliet, and wines of fairyland in glass of Venice, a grand piano in her boudoir, and a maid to robe her in soft samite and dress her glorious hair. Ah, Romeo, she deserves all these good things, of that we have no doubt whatever; but so does many another charming English maiden who, take our word for it, will gladly say Yes to the man of her heart who can offer her a happy home wherein she may really live, and move about, doing her duty as one of its active managing directors, not as the passively ornamental inmate of a ridiculous doll's house. The expenses incidental to the maintenance of such an establishment are neither to be

lightly esteemed nor dreaded as beyond your grasp. Moreover, are there not certain works of reference to be consulted, which will instruct you how to furnish comfortably, eat heartily, drink judiciously, and be everlastingly happy though married, on a minimum of incidental expense? Consult them, Romeo, consult them; and then, when you are in a position to increase their estimates by at least one-half, lay your case before old Capulet and be sanguine as to the result. The betting, in philosophic circles, will be in favor of rice and orange-blossoms.

The Countess of Minto's Fur Coat.

SATURDAY NIGHT published on its front page last week a portrait of the Countess of Minto wearing a fur coat, and the following remonstrance has been sent us by a reader, whose name we withhold:

DEAR SIR.—Your picture of Lady Minto in your paper of this week will help to perpetuate the belief that Canada is a region of snow and ice. You should send a copy to the New York Sun. It will no doubt be very acceptable. I thought that you had some sense.

March 24, '99.

The excellent portrait of the Countess of Minto published last week was from a photograph by Topley of Ottawa. It represented Lady Minto in the full length fur coat worn by her at the time, and which the camera had not the sense to disguise. What we appear to need is a patriotic camera, for we can scarcely expect distinguished sojourners among us to do what our correspondent presumably does—wrap himself in only a linen cloth when he goes to have his photograph taken. If he has not recently been seen in this tropical co-tune on King street it may only mean that he has not been photographed lately.

The worst enemy our climate has is the man who thinks that we must conceal the real facts concerning it, whereas all we need is to see that it is not misrepresented. When various illustrated publications were running mad with pictures of ice carnivals, icebergs and blizzards, SATURDAY NIGHT began publishing Christmas numbers that conveyed no wrong impression of our climate, and kept at it so continuously that the ice-bound Christmas literature has been completely put out of fashion. This country need ask no more than to be presented to the world as it really is. Our climate needs no apology. The Countess of Minto wore furs before she ever saw Canada, and will do so after returning to Europe. This paper has done its share to suppress the ice-palace nonsense, but, on the other hand, it will make no attempt to convince the world that we import snowballs from Russia and icicles from Iceland. Let us tell the truth unashamed, that here we have winter and summer, and can grow ice and peaches on the same farm at different seasons. May we not take this view of the matter and still have some sense?

The Two Misses Capulet.

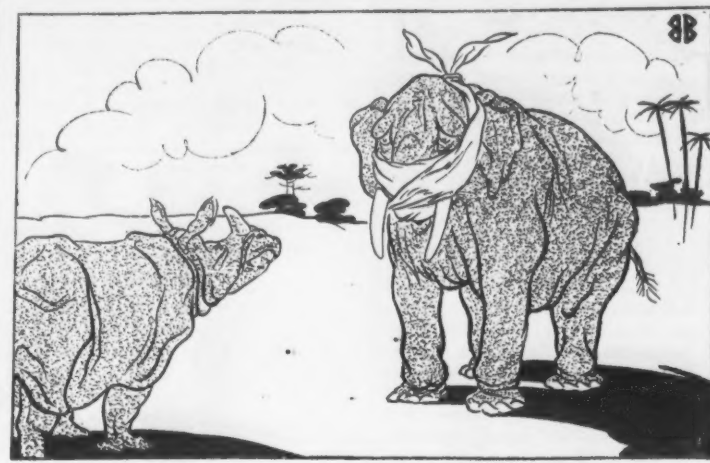
BY W. J. THOROLD.

BEFORE this season

has been wrapped up snugly in tarred paper and coaxed to lie down and rest on a bed of nice new camphor balls for the summer, we shall have two fresh-laid Juliets to

talk about under our summer girl's June parasol. Two actresses, both youthful and fascinating, will try a little cream of Avon on their coquettish—for Willie's preparations are accounted a sure cure for artistic freckles and critical sunburn. One, Bonnie little Maude Adams—the delicious incarnation of sweetness; the other, brilliant tropical Julia Arthur—she of the fathomless eyes.

The novelty about these two Misses Capulet lies in the fact that both actresses are of an interesting age, which, even if I knew, I wouldn't tell. But I fancy it must be somewhat the same in each case and about equal to a reporter's salary. Now, you may guess again. Julia and Maude are rushing at the lovesick Italian before their rheumatism has become troublesome and while their *embonpoint* is still lacking in suggestions of feather boas and cream puffs. Usually it takes a woman to play Juliet who has enjoyed the opportunity of studiously observing her own grown-up daughters in order that she may emote weepily enough in her delineation of the passionate misery of a heroine fourteen years old. But this spring, after insisting upon it, we shall avoid substitutes, for we are to get the real article—the lithe maiden recently out of the nursery with an aroma of sweetmeats and spankings still clinging to her. Naturally Julia Arthur and Maude Adams will suggest different preferences in their confectionery. Lady Babbie will doubtless betray her weakness for marshmallows, and Clorinda Wildairs will intimate her fondness for chocolate drops. They will be different. And they will entertain us—



The Rhinoceros—What's the trouble, old man? You look worried.
The Elephant—That confounded landlady's held my trunk for board.
—Scribner's

the two girls from Verona, Miss Blonde Capulet and Miss Brunette Capulet.

Of all the plays of the greatest and most masterful adapter, I suppose Romeo and Juliet and Othello are the most possible to the tired trudgers of this decade, for notwithstanding all the modern conveniences in the way of private letter-boxes and hours spent shopping, some of us still manage to cause a peck of trouble, with several small measures of other complications on the left side, through hopeless love or groundless jealousy. Hence it has not ceased to prove interesting to see the mirror held up in that flirtatious ballroom and on the balcony with the rope fire-escape, not to mention the fearful little incident about the potion. It is in Romeo and Juliet that we see the beautiful carbon finish cabinets of all the emotions on the bill-of-fare from blue points to bonbons, with cigarettes and wines on page four of the same booklet. But please, Mr. Manager, don't try to take any flash-lights of the audience. Oh, promise me!

Somewhere many people have got the idea that Italians are dark. I suppose it was smuggled into our craniums with the alphabet, or perhaps we breathed it in while our nurse girls talked to the policeman. But there it is—and there you are. And it's not far wrong. There exist blonde Italians and auburn Algerians. Yet speak of Tunis or Verona, and the dreamy creature the mind spontaneously pictures is a girl with raven hair, olive skin, midnight eyes, and a soft seductive voice. These, you know, are so much more ravishing in the rays of the gentle calcium. Then, my masters, they constitute a *tout ensemble* that would make you give up gold and precious jewels to be worthy of the lady who perchance said good-bye to home and mother for the glittering attractions of this role—this *pot pourri* of ingenué and tragedienne.

Maude Adams cannot fail to be a winsome Juliet, but it is more than possible that the majority of people who like to see Shakespeare acted well will find their ideal of this Southern heroine typified in Julia Arthur. Both actresses will portray the awakening of girlhood beautifully, though Julia Arthur's training and poetic temperament will give her an advantage, and both will be truly charming in the ballroom scene. But Romeo and Juliet is more than a minuet. And who could fail on the balcony with its wealth of popular quotations? However, it is in the stronger scenes that the test of this role lies—after Juliet's womanhood has dawned and love has become her world and her life. In these scenes Julia Arthur will find her great opportunity—her eloquence and magnetism, aided by the fascinations of her sensuous beauty, will prove irresistible.

The two Misses Capulet will come richly caparioned and will shine in a superb frame. Miss Adams will be looked after by Charles Frohman, who never does anything by halves and who may be relied upon for both munificence and magnificence. Miss Arthur will be looked after by herself, and as she is a lavish young lady with an unlimited bank account and the faith of a devotee in pink lawns, crimson sunsets, indigo nights, as well as verdant wings and carmine palaces, not to doubt upon her belief in an obligato voluptuous incidental music—some of which is said to be destined to become very popular, but I trust not so much so that the ferry boats will whistle it—one ought to be safe in relying upon a presentation of this perennial romantic tragedy that will effectively appeal to all the senses at once. In fact, both productions will look as if gold dollars had been put on with a Gattling gun.

But this epidemic of Shakespeare has its practical aspects. Think of the benefit to trade; what a lot of merchandise Miss Arthur and Miss Adams will require in the way of pine, canvas, size, glue, colors, leather, hair, satins, silks, tin, tinsel and volts! I suppose the laudable outcome of it all will be that the laudable ambition of these actresses will be good for trade, we shall be mightily entertained while the dandelions are in bloom—and more pianos and cigars will be called after the admired

ladies. I only hope that no chemist will name a new poison after either of the two Misses Capulet!
St. Louis, March 26.

The Madness of Writing.

THE editor of the *Cosmopolitan* states that his magazine has from fifteen to twenty thousand manuscripts submitted to it for publication every year. I looked over the number of the magazine in which the editor makes this statement and find that it contains but fifteen contributions, and as twelve numbers are issued in the year this allows for a consumption of 180 contributions, and a rejection of at least 14,820 manuscripts per annum. This means that the manuscripts accepted by the *Cosmopolitan* average less than four per week, while 285 are rejected every week in the year. I have often thought that no magazine could possibly publish an article that would have a wider interest or give promise of more good than one giving the true facts about supply and demand in the literary field. How many manuscripts are received per year in the various magazine offices and by the literary editors of daily and weekly papers? And what is the percentage of acceptances? Young men and women not unnaturally assume that because they can write a better story than one that is published, they can therefore write one and get it published and follow it with plenty of others, and so make a reputation and a livelihood. They dabble their hands in ink and begin a career that ends in heart-break. The unluckiest are those who win petty successes that lure them on and on until they are incapable of turning aside and succeeding at something else. Parents, ignorant of what they do, fill the minds of sons or daughters who have shown some aptitude in their school compositions, with hopes of a literary career, and tell them how Kipling made \$30,000 out of one story. All over America children are thus being filled with false hopes and editors are half-buried beneath inflowing manuscripts from raw young persons who have scarcely gone far enough in their studies to learn that "sugar" is not spelled "shugar." These parents should be let into the secret that there are thousands of university graduates, men of travel and social experience, starving in the effort to support themselves as writers. In this age of popular education any boy can write a story that will be good enough to astonish his father. Anybody who can read can write a story that will not be very bad; the editor who rejects it is nothing more than a pedant. There are, however, one or two hundred thousand other persons writing just the same kind of stories.

MACK.

Church Parade in London.

CHURCH parade is a London custom which is of more or less interest, according to the weather. When Sunday is a reasonably pleasant day, the swells go to the park after church is over, and walk up and down for the space of half an hour or so, while they gossip about one another, and the rabble look on in wonder, and the reporters prepare minute descriptions of costumes, the same to be printed in large type in the engaging fashion of English journals. Anybody can see by reading the following items from *Modern Society* that the church parade is worth attending: "Church parade, though not crowded in the showery weather of Sunday, was smartly attended. Lady Hood wore a long satin cloak, which almost touched the ground, with large revers of white satin; her ornaments were opals. Miss Toupie Lowther wore a bright red double-breasted jacket over a lilac pink skirt, with a white linen collar, a black satin skirt, a red hat, and a very prominent watch-chain. There was a jacket of white cloth, which looked like a pillar-box partially swathed in a white sheet; also an extraordinary cloak, which gave the wearer the appearance of a sheep walking on its hind legs. Lord Crichton wore a long blue ulster and an eye-glass."



Easter Poems.

Dedicated to Rev. Canon Bleasdel, D.C.L., rector, and the people of St. George's church, Trenton, in loving Easter greeting.—H. RATIO GILBERT PARKER.

[NOTE.—We are indebted to Mr. Barker of Toronto for a copy of the little folder of Easter Poems issued by Gilbert Parker when he was acting as curate at St. George's church, Trenton, Ont. This leaflet was probably issued at Easter, 1884. Mr. Parker did not seriously begin literary work until after going to Australia in 1888.—EDITOR.]

EASTER BELLS.

Swinging swinging,
Hear the ringing
Of the great bells in the steeple,
Listen listen O ye people
For the Earth is glad to-day!
Pealing pealing,
Echoes stealing
Through the great clefts of the mountains
Past the merry hearted fountains
To the valleys of decay:
Ring O bells
Ring in gladness
Ring out sadness
Jesus Christ is risen to-day!

Voices calling,
Visions falling
Through the pearl embattled portals
From the Land of the Immortals
On our blessed Easter Day:
And for Angels,
And Archangels
This the message that they bring us,
This the challenge that they fling us,
Hail the Saviour risen to-day!
Ring O bells!
Ring out blindness,
Ring in kindness
O Ye Bells of Easter Day!

Lording lowly,
Lord most Holy
By the Peace that thou hast lent us,
By the Spirit thou hast sent us
Grant on this thine Easter Day:
Worthward wending
Voices blending,
That with lips that do not falter
We may sing beside thine altar
Of that love that lives away:
Ring O bells!
Ring out coldness
Ring in boldness
For the King of Easter Day!

Ring out again
Bells ring again!
And the heart finds rest from malice
In the ruby-hearted Chalice
Of the Lord on Easter Day.
Christ is risen
Christ is risen!
And sin's burden is uplifted
And the sombre clouds are shifted
From the shining upward way.
Ring O bells!
Tell tell the story
Ring ring the glory
Jesus Christ is risen to-day!

SING AND BE GLAD.

Sing and be glad, O thou wheeling Earth!
Creation is old and gray,
But starbeams shine on a second birth
And this is our Easter Day.
Lift up thy head and be glad, O Earth,
Thy tears and sorrowing cease;
A fountain hath sprung in the desert's death
And passionate pain hath peace.

Ah, dear is the charnel house of sin
Dreary and cold away,
But a pierced hand hath led the angels in
And the stone hath been rolled away.

The song goes up and the song comes down,
The earth and the sky are fair;
And the blended note is a cross and crown
And Paradise won again.

Through the throbbing psalm in undertone
I hear one clear voice sing
And of all I hear but His alone:
"Behold I am crown'd King."

I have conquered death and sting of death
By the cross in bitter wise;
And thou, poor Earth, that travailest
I say unto thee arise.

Sing and be glad, O thou wheeling Earth.
Creation is old and gray,
But starbeams shine on a second birth
And this is our Easter Day.

A LENTEN REFLECTION.

I.
Miserable sinners most of us are
Who gaze at thy sufferings, but from afar,
Sorely afraid to approach too near,
Lest, what we prize and hold most dear,
Thou shouldst demand of us!

II.
We are so blind, we cannot see,
So oft, we hide our faces from Thee,
Groping and stumbling at every turn,
Grant that at last we may come to learn,
What Thou requirest of us!

III.
Oh! Help us in Life's endless fight,
Throw on our path some ray of light,
That in our contact with weak and strong
We may distinguish 'twixt right and wrong
And know what thou wiltest of us!

IV.
Not only know but wish to do
That which is right, and indeed to do
The wrongs and the sins which hold us bound
Each day, each hour, and hem us around
And obscure our view of Thee!

V.
Help us to cleanse our natures vile,
From faults which we in others revile,
To bear the trials which fret us each day,
Help us to bend our pride and say,
"Thine Thou requirest of us!"

VI.
If in the rays of Thy pure light
What we prize most should seem not right,
Give us the strength to yield to Thee
What we hold dearest; if needs must be,
And Thou desire it of us!
Toronto, March, '99. OUBLEIGONE.

EASTER LILIES.

Bloom anew the Easter lilies,
Pure and white as snow,
Messengers of peace and gladness
Sent to man below,
Breathing out the olden story,
Hear the sweet refrain:
Christ is risen in His glory
And will come again;
Come to gather fadeless lilies—
Souls of spotless white—
To adorn eternal mansions
In His Realm of Light.
PETERBOROUGH, MARCH, '99. ANNIE GARVIN.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn McLeay.



Mr. McLeay as Allan Filmer in The Red Lamp.

As everybody knows, at least everybody who takes any interest in things dramatic, Franklyn McLeay has taken to himself a wife in the person of Miss Grace Warner, the charming and only daughter of Chas. Warner, who in the seventies and eighties was the leading man at the old Princess and at the Adelphi theaters in London—a warm personal friend of the late Charles Reade and the principal actor in the plays that came from the pen of that gifted author. In Reade's *Drink*, an adaptation from Zola's *L'Assomoir*, Mr. Warner created the part of Coupeau, around whose descent from sobriety to delirium tremens and death the whole play swings. He has played this wonderful part nearly three thousand times in the Motherland and in Australia, and I must say that I have never seen anything approaching Warner's portrayal of the death scene of the gin-sodden Coupeau. Mr. Warner is still an active leader in the profession in London, and is at present the head of a company playing *The Three Musketeers* in the provinces. So much for Warner *per se*.

Mr. McLeay first met his charming wife while playing Nero in *The Sign of the Cross* with Wilson Barrett. Miss Warner played the Empress, and not only completely won the heart of the fearful Nero on the stage, but performed a much more difficult, though a more womanly part, in winning the heart of one of the most brilliant young actors of the day.

Miss Warner may be said to have been cradled behind the footlights, and from childhood has been playing her part on the stage. When a girl of fifteen she accompanied her father on a lengthy tour



Mrs. Franklyn McLeay.

to the Antipodes and there played leading lady to him in his many productions. Mr. Warner's rule to always produce high-class plays gave his talented daughter many opportunities of which she readily took advantage. Her *Dendenona* and *Ophelia* and *Juliet* all obtained the heartiest commendations of the audiences in Australia and marked her down as an artist and the true child of her father.

In appearance, Mrs. McLeay is tall, of a very fair complexion and carries herself with the gracefulness of a queen. At the Bisleys Conversazione, held in the Canadian Bungalow last year at Bisleys, Miss Warner was certainly the finest-looking and best dressed woman present. At the present time, Miss Warner is playing a leading part at the Lyceum Theater here in *The Only Way*, an adaptation of Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*.

There is a singularly cosy flat in the west end of London where Mr. and Mrs. McLeay are now enjoying the perfect pleasures of a real home, sweet home. Needless to say, all is perfect there. To a somewhat disgruntled bachelor, like the lonely writer of these lines, who is still in the market with no offers, the home of the McLeays in London seems a corner in the seventh heaven. I am sure that all



Franklyn McLeay as Louis XI.

Canadians and all those who admire the great ability of Franklyn McLeay will be delighted to learn of his new world of happiness. As for McLeay himself, when I say there are not half a dozen better paid actors in Europe than he, there is but little more to be said. His present performance of Cardinal Richelieu in *The Three Musketeers* at Mer Majesty's Theater under Mr. Tree has attracted a great deal of attention. In Mr. Tree's coming production of *King John*, Mr. McLeay will probably be Hubert or King John. In the days to come, and in the not very distant days to come, Mr. and Mrs. McLeay at the head of their own company will be touring through America, and then it will be that many people in Toronto will be able to see and will undoubtedly marvel at the way a once pale-faced student of English liter-

ature at Toronto University has climbed up the ladder of dramatic art to the very topmost height.

The London Colonial Club, of which I have spoken before, is going to be one of the most welcome institutions in the Metropolis. The fine club-rooms now being fitted up in Whitehall Court, adjoining the National Liberal Club and on the Thames Embankment, will be second to none in London in point of comfort and good taste. The warming ceremonies are expected to take place on or before April 1. Any Canadian visiting London can be "put up" at the Club by a member.

T. H. G.

A Detail of Revenge.

IN the backyard of Ontario there is a small wilderness village named Caykagnabelling, on the northern shore of Firefly Lake. The lake is marked on the maps, but the village is not marked on any, but it ought to be, because the biggest sawmill in the world is there. The whole long year the hot white gang-saws march abreast through the rough-skinned logs, singing their wild, keen chanty, and the air is sweet with the woody smells of the freshly-cut planks and the moist sawdust.

And in the dark of the night the ever-burning cressets of the twin refuse-burners look like raw red flares from a little distance, and when the wind is strong two flicking guidons of flame are waved on the open sky.

In the mother-forgotten wilderness two miles north of Caykagnabelling is a grisly shaking bog of some acres that it is perilous to cross without snow-shoes, because the floor is thin and between the floor and the underside of the world is black dead slime of the consistence of molasses. The floor is carpeted with squaw's-hair moss, a wonderful tender green in color and soft as deep-piled velvet. Pitcher plants, that wondrously capture flies and eat them, grow around the margin of the bog, and there are many golden Mary-buds to keep the fly-catchers company.

Last autumn, by the arrangement of Ba'teese Le Rouge Maxime Gladbois and Peter Skunk, the alligator boat, Mee-shee-bee-shee (Cheep-i-way for Lonely Walker) went down in this bog, and is now in a lower grave than ever was, far down in the depths of the insides of the earth, and her skipper and her engineer went down with her, also by the arrangement of the trinity of iniquitous scoundrels above named.

Maxime and Ba'teese are Metis from the Red River and are much wanted by the Mounted Police, and also by the police of the city of Winnipeg, for small details of arson and house-breaking and horse theft. Peter Skunk is a pure-blood Esk-i-mo Indian of shady antecedents. To my sure knowledge this out-dweller is a seducer of women and a wife-stealer. There are several sharp spears and one or two loaded rifles waiting for him if he ever goes back to his own people, which is not probable. Kunnik-tah-kee-ya (Black Tooth) is his Esk-i-mo name, if you wish to know.

All three were in the service of the Caykagnabelling Lumber Company, Limited, in two senses of the word. Ba'teese was mate of the alligator Mee-shee-bee-shee, Maxime and Peter were her deck hands.

Last October, when some maples were red as blood and some yellow as amber, and all like torches in the slanting light-beams at sunset, the alligator Mee-shee-bee-shee, which lay in Firefly Lake by Caykagnabelling town, was ordered of a sudden to proceed northward to the Company's camp at Waw-gosh Lake and winter there. The Company owns many alligators, but of them all the Lonely Walker was the finest. She had 200 h.p., she had a 9000 candle-power search-lamp and strings of incandescents. She was the pride of her skipper's heart, and her engineer would not have exchanged her glittering gear for the quadruple expansion engines of the Lucania, or her little purring dynamo for the twin roaring machines that make the light on the biggest floating hotel that ever took out clearance papers.

An hour before midnight on the last Sunday in the month the Mee-shee-bee-shee climbed aland out of the lake and began her last trek, her big syren hooting, the long finger of the search-ray pointing ahead and a comet's tail of sparks blowing astern from the funnel mouth. The first stage on her road was a three-mile portage to the southern end of Kee-gawn Lake.

It was a black night. She climbed the stark slope of the granite ridge behind the village and slid down on the other side. As she came to a stop at the bottom the bitter autumn rain slanted across the bare level in a washing fury.

The hands got the cable snubbed to a boulder ahead, and the alligator crawled forward again, like a huge black beetle with a wondrous far-shining eye and a long tail of star-dust.

Now it chanced that the skipper, Big John Marshall, did not know the trail. It was a strange trail for the Mee-shee-bee-shee. She had always worked for a camp on Du-mik Lake, in a north-easterly direction from Caykagnabelling. But Peter Skunk, and Ba'teese the Red and Maxime Gladbois knew it very well.

Now, Ba'teese hated the skipper because Michigan Mary, whom Ba'teese loved, had lately reviled him and shown a fondness for Captain John. It had lately come to her ears that Ba'teese had a wife on the Red River. Michigan Mary lives in Caykagnabelling, in her own house, and Michigan Sam, who was her husband, fell across a rushing saw in the mill ten years ago and one year after her marriage.

Ba'teese did not hate Captain John a little. His hatred was like his love, a living fire in his heart. Ba'teese was of a nasty blend of bloods, and the strain of malice in him was deep.

So, that night, of a sudden it came to Ba'teese that the bog was dead ahead, and that he could get even. He made a simple plan, and conferred with Maxime and Peter Skunk, who did not love Captain John because he had administered kicks to them on two or three occasions when they had not obeyed his orders with the degree of alacrity that was desirable. The three arranged for the interment of the alligator and her skipper and engineer.

In the dead hour of two the alligator neared the edge of the bog. The slant crystal lances of the rain lashed upon the roof of the wheelhouse, and the captain nodded in his chair. All at once his clay pipe fell from his lips upon the floor and was broken. Then up and spoke Ba'teese, the mate, who stood beside the wheel.

"Cap," said he, "you go and take ze sleep."

"By the Holee Smoke, Ba'teese, I believe I will!" answered Captain John, and he went. Three minutes later he was sleeping soundly upon the sofa in the little cabin.

Now, Scotty MacPherson, the engineer, was also asleep, in his engine-room. The "dope" that Ba'teese had put in the quart bottle of whiskey from which he had given both skipper and engineer drinks had been most efficacious. And both men had taken unsparing "jolts."

The cable was snubbed to a tree about one hundred feet from the edge of the bog. In a little time the clacking, snick-whine brought the boat up to the tree. Then Ba'teese stopped the winch, and Peter Skunk and Maxime skirted the margin of the bog, dragging the hawser, and made fast to a tree on the north side directly opposite the Mee-shee-bee-shee. At this place the morass is about 150 yards wide.

When Maxime and Peter returned to the boat the engineer and the skipper were still sleeping. Ba'teese started the gear and jumped from the deck to the ground.

The hawser stretched and the alligator moved forward shuddering. The earth was moist and she scraped a furrow as she strained herself steadily ahead. At length she came to the margin; presently she moved slowly into it, rolling the moss-carpeted floor up ahead of her as a blanket is rolled. She sank to her gunwales, but she still dragged herself forward. But when she was about twenty-five feet from the margin the cable broke with a sharp snapping. In fifteen minutes the Mee-shee-bee-shee had disappeared. Ten hours afterward Ba'teese, Maxime and Peter had also disappeared.

They have not been heard of since. Many people say that the version of the story that has been set down here is erroneous. They say that the sinking of the alligator was accidental, that none of the crew knew the bog, that they believed they could cross it safely, and that all went down together. Also there are men who say openly that the crew of the Mee-shee-bee-shee was very drunk. Which is defaming the dead.

MARSTYN POGUE.

Toronto, March, 1899.

Do You Know That Man?

IF you are walking along King street with a friend you will probably not go more than a block before he will say to you: "Do you know that man to whom I just spoke?" You do not, and the asking of the question gives a queer idea of your friend, who, by his own confession, appears to have exchanged greetings in the cheeriest manner imaginable with a man of whose name, occupation, character and antecedents he knows nothing.

"If you don't know him why do you go to the pains of bowing and smiling upon him so engagingly?" you ask.

"I know him," he replies. "At least I should know him—we have met somewhere and we always speak, but I can never get the least clue to his identity. I never see him with anybody of my acquaintance whom I could appeal to afterwards. Of course I might follow him home some night and then look him up in the directory."

"I have it!" you exclaim.

"You have what?" he asks.

"That man you just spoke to—"

"Who is he?"

"Were you ever at a hanging?"

"A hanging?"

"Yes, an execution. Perhaps that is Radcliffe, the hangman, and perhaps you



Playing House.

have seen him officiating and his face has become impressed—"

"No, I never was at a hanging," he interrupts. "Are you never troubled in the same way? Do you not find that you know the faces of people who speak to you, but you don't know who owns them?"

And you are compelled to admit that if half the people to whom you speak on the street were to demand their names of you, you would be in an awkward fix. You have met them somewhere; you do not doubt that they are very proper persons; you like their appearance; they speak to you and you to them. It never dawns upon you that they likewise are quite in the dark as to your name, character and antecedents. Yet if you try to break off these unsatisfactory friendships you are sure to suffer in reputation.

The condition is as I have described it, and it is impossible to compute the amount of vitality that men waste every day in Toronto trying to allot names to the faces they recognize on the street. The man who devises a remedy for this evil shall have lived to some purpose and I have a suggestion to make. How would it do to reverse the usual mode of addressing acquaintances? As matters stand now you meet McNaughten on the street and you greet him with, "Hello, Brown," and he cordially exclaims, "Hello, Bilton, old boy." You know perfectly well that the name is Armstrong, but you do not wish to spoil the occasion by setting him right—especially as it does not much matter. He knows that his name is McNaughten; but he does not hurt your feelings by saying so. How much better if you spoke from knowledge instead of at a venture! Suppose you said to him: "Hello—Armstrong," and he replied, "Hello—McNaughten." You would thus accost him and utter your own name in an explanatory tone, and he would respond in like manner. You could both assume, of course, that the mentioning of names between acquaintances was an absurd formality, but it would save both of you from feeling and being ridiculous. You could introduce McNaughten to a third person, which you cannot now do. The third person is a man of importance, and McNaughten is clearly fidgeting for an introduction, but you are helpless—that is, you are helpless unless you feel sure that his name is Brown. In that case you introduce him and he corrects you—"Not Brown—McNaughten, McNaughten," and all three of you feel ridiculous and begin looking at your watches and remembering urgent appointments.

It would be a great convenience, too, in other ways, if people, instead of guessing at the names of everybody else, would mention their own. Some names are difficult of pronunciation—the owners could utter them with authority. The man of title could, by his greeting, indicate how he expected to be addressed. In a dozen, a thousand ways it would simplify life

and expedite business. It would expedite business particularly. A man now comes in upon you without presenting a card and exhibiting to you a countenance on which a barber has recently changed all the decorations. He greets you by name expectantly, and you know that you have had some business or friendly intercourse in the past, so you reply genially. But he reads your secret in your guilty eye and knows you are ransacking your mind for some clue to him.

"I guess perhaps you don't quite remember me!" he says smilingly.

"Well, I ought to know you," you say, flushing up. "I'll place you in a minute. I—I'm a poor hand at faces—no, I remember faces well enough—never forget a face, but I often can't get the name and the face fitted together properly," and you look at him with idiotic interest.

"Bentley," he says, in a suggestive tone and a beaming smile.

"Oh, of course," you exclaim, reaching for his hand eagerly, your whole manner appearing to say: "I'll be forgetting my own name next." As a matter of fact, your mind has been so upset and teased by trying to guess the man's identity that his name, when it is mentioned, recalls nothing to you. But you expect to locate him as you continue your conversation. And you do. He is the man who sold you a snide edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica last summer, and he has now called to offer you a magnificent work on the Song Birds of Japan, with forty-three handsome colored plates, and he draws the prospectus from his pocket. What can you do but subscribe?

Business would be expedited, money saved, life made pleasanter by the reform I have suggested. Therefore, I begin by accosting the reader: "Hello, ————"

MACK.

Why I Love Toronto.

A PROFOUND philosopher who honors me with his acquaintance is fond of asserting that there are worse places than Toronto. There are. In St. Petersburg, for example, a man is hardly safe to form an opinion about the Government for fear of being popped into prison. Here, (if you speak in a low whisper), you can say almost anything against the authorities, provided you proclaim yourself an Imperialist. Or we might be condemned to live in London, where the police take the most unwarrantable liberties in preventing carriages from running over pedestrians. In Toronto you may drive over anyone below the rank of an editor or millionaire.

These, and many other inalienable privileges, endear Toronto to us all. In the first place take theology. Could any city be more blessed with churches of every kind, high and low, plain and fashionable, mortgaged and free? Every taste is gratified, and in all of them the truths of our glorious Protestantism are upheld with a fervor which a mere Luther could not have surpassed. True, we load the Catholic with deserved opprobrium, but his life is nearly always safe, and what more can he desire? Then, the delightful freedom of manners which distinguishes us! No empty civility is wasted by anyone, and we have arrived at that happy stage of development when Jack is better than his master. There lingered, for a time, some relics of mediæval barbarism in the form of servants, persons who were paid for doing certain work and were required, with a malignant cruelty that survived from feudal days, to do it with politeness and capability. But, thanks to Lady Aberdeen, the last shackles were struck from the slaves, and all have become ladies and gentlemen—the ladies scrub the front steps and the gentlemen black the boots. It is a mark of culture to slam a door, and a distinct touch of art to leave one open on a cold day.

The conduct of Toronto children, too, is admirable. After a long struggle parents have at last been reduced to a state of obedience. They domineered over the young until the rebellion of '37 set in and brought the sacred principles of responsible government into every nursery in the land. To shout in the street, to hurl missiles at the poor, and to assert one's personality at the breakfast table have become the duties of all children, pending the passage of that righteous law by the Ontario Legislature which extends the suffrage to all youths over the age of eight (provided their fathers pay taxes). We have thrown off all silly prejudices as regards the female sex. They must now earn their own living—provided they do not compete with men. They may sit

down in the street-car, if some timorous man is weak enough to get up and give them a place. The chivalry which prompted a man to honor the sex because his mother belonged to it, is happily disappearing with the wood block pavement and other superstitions.

But above all, I love Toronto because it is so British. We get our books from Boston, our bonnets from New York, our political policy from Washington, and our accent from Vermont, and still we remain British to the toes of our boots. Do you doubt it? Why, we are always saying so, and what better proof could you demand? But there are other evidences. The lofty tone of our newspapers proves it. The respect for the liberty of the individual is a passion with us. We can hoot down a Prime Minister of 75 when he comes as a guest to town, exactly as they do in London. And when our credit with the local tailor is exhausted we bring our clothes from across the ocean.

I had delivered myself thus far when my philosopher friend aforementioned threw a ruler at my head. It is his way of arguing. He was born in Toronto.

CHOLMONDELEY.

Girls and Athletics.

"ATHLETICS affect me about the way my dress allowance does," said the first girl, deftly catching her heels on the rung of her chair. "As long as I know that papa is around to help me, when an awfully important ball dress is needed, I revel in economy; but when he is away I worry most of the morning and half of the night about choosing between a necessary street costume and an evening gown that ought to be extra fine, but is not strictly necessary. The same way with athletics—as long as my brothers are near enough to come to my assistance, my knowledge of fencing and boxing makes me quite self-confident, but when mamma and I happen to be alone in the house at night, it is only pride that prevents me from putting the bed-room furniture against the door before retiring, and no thought of active resistance to a possible burglar presents itself to my harassed mind, except as a horrible experiment. I imagine myself murdered and lying stiff on the hall floor to relieve myself of the dread of attacking the thief."

"Dear me! Ahem—my object in asking you this question was to ascertain the extent of the average girl's love for golf, tennis, cycling, etc.," said the woman with eye-glasses, with rather a superior smile.

"Oh, we haven't found out yet," said the first girl, seating herself on the table. "You see, golf isn't very interesting to girls, because when they play with men athletes everything is so serious, and the men won't let them be a bit frivolous. They actually get cross if the poor weak-minded set are not as business-like and sober as Horatius defending the bridge, and girls can't play alone unless they are very peculiarly constituted as to disposition. We have too much fun when we play golf to bother playing hard. In our club we generally play tag on the links."

The girl in the big hat and the girl with heavy boots both smiled inanely. The woman with eye-glasses was undaunted as yet.

"Did you ever join a gymnastic association for women?" she asked.

"Once. We had the cutest suits and we spent most of our time admiring each other and seeing who could kick the punching-bag the highest. Then a lot of undesirable persons joined the club, so we left it. We didn't learn anything at all, but we had lots of fun."

The other two girls smiled again.

"Really, your remarks are highly satisfactory," sneered the woman with eye-glasses. "Do you think it would seriously injure your health to give an opinion on the question of athletics for girls? I hate to put you to so much trouble, but I am exceedingly anxious to hear something on the subject from a girl's point of view."

"We haven't got any opinion on it. Boys never have either. If you want an intelligent opinion about things like that, I could recommend my Aunt Kate or my mother. They can discuss learnedly about everything concerning girls. My mother cuts out all sorts of articles from magazines and papers and pastes them in my scrap-book—articles on subjects ranging from Advice to Society Girls to How to Make Home Happy. I have about half a dozen paragraphs entitled Don'ts For Girls, and a collection of warnings against girls who don't sweep under their bureaus. I have no doubt that I could find a very good one on sports that would perhaps be just what you want—"

"I couldn't think of putting you to so much trouble," snapped the woman with eye-glasses as she swept from the room.

"I hope she isn't very cross, but I was determined that I would keep one article from being written and read aloud by every aunt we have," said the first girl.

"I didn't think you could even pretend to be such an imbecile," commented the girl with heavy boots.

"I don't think it was pretense," said the first girl. "We really couldn't say what we think about athletics for girls, because we are too busy to have anything but worry and muscle."

"I wonder what we would say if we did think?" observed the girl with the velvet hat.

"The least said, soonest mended," said the girl with heavy boots.

Two Points.

McGrin—Why don't Caine act in one of his own plays?

McGrowl—I don't know. Do you?

McGrin—Yes; because he isn't Abel.

"I took great pains in preparing that salad," said the mistress of the boarding-house proudly, as the dish was passed around the table.

"And I, madam," said the new boarder, as he doubled himself up, "have taken great pains in eating it." A. W.



"Charles, dear, ar'n't you going in the wrong direction for violets?"—Life.

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Anecdotal.

The Countess of Warwick is said to be the only peeress whose name appears over a shop window. This particular shop, however, is run for the benefit of poor needlewomen. Sixty girls are employed, and the profits are expended for their benefit. One old countrywoman, who saw the name of the countess over the window, did not understand the situation, and exclaimed: "Oh, pore lady, 'ow she must 'ave come down in the world!"

When Miss Adeane, now Mrs. Mallet, was appointed a Maid of Honor, a well-known man of the world, whose guest she was, said to her: "What an interesting diary you will be able to keep!" Miss Adeane replied: "No, that is impossible. The Queen makes it a condition that we should not keep diaries when we are at court." "Oh," said the host, "I think I should keep a very secret one, all the same." "Then, I am afraid you would not be a Maid of Honor," was the happy retort.

A costermonger was summoned before a London magistrate recently for obstructing the traffic. His own account was that he went into a public house "to light his pipe." When he came out a constable threatened to summon him. "What for?" says I. "For stoppin' the line of traffic," he says. I says: "Where is the line of traffic?" "Why, it's gone ahead now," says he. "Then, 'ow could I 'ave stopped it, then?" This Socratic costermonger got off with a warning. He seems worthy of better things.

The manager of a small theater in one of the worst parts of London, meeting a friend one day, near the Horse Guards, the latter enquired how he was getting on. "Oh, we live, sir, we live," was the reply. "Well, I must be off," said his friend. "I'm in a hurry to see about seats for the Italian opera next week." "What!" exclaimed the manager, "does the Italian opera open next week? I'm very sorry to hear it." "Why, what can it matter to you?" cried the other, "surely, you don't imagine that the opera performance will clash with yours?" "Won't it, though?" was the answer. "My audience won't be inside Her Majesty's but they will all be there—picking pockets!" and, shaking hands, the dismayed manager went sadly on his way.

The smartest bit of political guff that was used during the last provincial campaign in Ontario was introduced. It is said, by a country school teacher, who made stump-speeches for the Liberals. "Mr. Hardy claims a surplus," he shouted, "and Mr. Whitney says there is no surplus. Don't you see the dodge? If the Tories are elected, they will rush into the treasury, and presently they

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will come out and say: 'Just as we told you, there is no surplus'—and there will be no surplus, not a dollar, a week after the Tories are elected. They will see to it that that part of their argument comes true." This made such a hit, that stump-speakers were soon using it in every constituency in the province, with killing effect.

A well-known Conservative member of the Dominion Parliament makes very few speeches, and during previous sessions was often chaffed about it by his friends. "If you will all promise to sit in the gallery to-morrow night and hear me out, I shall make a speech," he said, one day, and they agreed. Late the following night he caught the Speaker's eye and began, his friends beaming upon him from the gallery. He spoke for an hour, then for two, his friends growing quite restless, but with an occasional sweeping glance at the gallery he wandered on and on, until he had been talking for four hours. The House listened and wondered. The Hansard reporters toiled fiercely, the City of Ottawa sat up that night, the newspaper offices all over the Dominion held space open for what was happening, but finally he stopped. His friends no longer dare him to make a speech.

In proof of the assertion that Lord Kitchener mingles with the common people of any country to which he is sent until he speaks the vernacular like a native, a writer in the London Academy relates that one evening, as the British forces neared Khartoum, a Dervish spy was discovered in camp. Information as to the enemy's position and plans was of the highest importance; but neither bribes nor threats could elicit one word from the prisoner; he affected to be deaf and dumb. Another spy was led in, who proved equally obdurate. They were placed for the night in a well-guarded tent. About half an hour later, a third spy was dragged in, who, also, would reveal nothing, and was finally placed in the tent with his fellows. Soon the guards outside heard a murmur of voices from within; the dumb spies had found their tongues; but it was impossible to overhear their talk distinctly or to understand it. An hour passed. Then the door of the tent was thrown open, and the third spy appeared and asked to be conducted to headquarters. It was the Sirdar, who, in disguise, had discovered all he needed to know!

Concerning Floral Tributes.

A Gentle Force. A French Flavoring.
THE young women of Watertown, Wisconsin, have presented Assemblyman Daggett with a floral tribute. Assemblyman Daggett was at his desk, and the grave and reverend seigneurs were in conclave assembled, when the tribute was brought in by that mighty potentate, the Sergeant-at-Arms. It was placed upon his desk, and the scandalized Assembly saw it in all its beauty, for one intense moment, before the honored recipient dashed it to the floor. The cause of the united horror and individual onslaught was a huge floral corset, and the reason of its presentation lies in the fact that the Honorable Daggett is the mover of an anti-tight-lacing crusade. The occurrence suggests many an idea in floral tribute design. Everyone should be honored in proper shape; the woman who buys her own basket of roses and orders it sent up to the stage at a certain moment, should no longer hide in obscurity of ornamental wicker-work. Her trophy should be descriptive, and a brazen plate be suitably inscribed. The orator who receives a bouquet at a political send-off should have to hold, instead of an uninteresting bunch of flowers, a symbolic design which would explain the true inwardness of his success, and his friends' regard. The very great lady would perhaps be embarrassed if bouquets were constructed upon such candid designs as suggested. As for funeral tributes, they would probably render it desirable that many such sad ceremonies should be held in private, and the plea "no flowers" would be inserted with much sinister appeal in death notices. Instead of gates ajar, one might sometimes see the triangle and the cat-o'-nine-tails; while to replace the broken pillar, an empty bottle in a lurid halo of red roses might sometimes sweetly confess itself. The experience of Assemblyman Daggett is the thin end of the wedge. Hereafter, perhaps, the ostentatious "welcome" of the visiting notables' banquet table might be translated "A bore we submit to," or the gentle remark "Gone home" by the sporty and more truthful "Taking chances." It is a large subject to think out.

In writing last week of the powers that be at the seat of government, I forgot of space to do him justice, left out a strong and subtle force. That is the private secretary. He is the chap you want to know, for his is the power to make or mar you in a score of ways. The malign offices of the wind were, for me, counteracted by the genial favor of the private secretaries, and I take off my hat to them. It is an education, most subtle and valuable to any clever young man to be a private secretary, and it develops and disciplines a fellow, I can tell you. The private secretary should be young, good-looking, and of pleasant voice



"I am not satisfied with the progress you are making, Miss Sophia. I don't think you practice enough."
"Oh, Professor, I know it; but we have been given notice to leave six houses since I commenced taking music lessons."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

and manner. He develops a gravity which is over-awing at times, if he knows his business, and makes up properly. He is reticent of promises and dignified in method, becoming the power behind the throne, but he always gets there, and so do you, if he casts his protecting care about you. With an up-to-date revision of a famous thinker's remark, I say, feelingly: "You may have the Cabinet Ministers, if you give me the private secretaries."

I should think the Ottawa people not occupied by the desire for personal advancement or any other blinding materialism, would be glad of the distinctively appetizing flavor given to the social stew by the fact of their Premier being a Frenchman. There is something very subtle and charming in the old French ways, their sunny courtesy, their naive friendliness, their gracious, pretty, quick perception. What tenacity they show to their traditions, and how charming is even their obstinacy in some small matters. Personally, I enjoy more the oldest seigneur, in his out-of-date clothing, his primitive etiquette, so simple and stately and respectable, born in him, and fitting him like a glove, than the newest ebullition of pomp and grandeur built upon unlimited beer. The unselfish courtesy of the French gentleman and lady, their delicate and quaint flattery, is as the scent of the old-time lavender to the rich perfume of the American beauty-rose, compared with its cruder and less subtle development in other nations. And this sweet, old-time, charming tone is wafted here and there in the political, social, or work-a-day life in the Capital just now, sweetly permeating it all, from the graceful speech and courtly manner of the Premier, to the smiling, deft, anxious and admiring little Marie, who drops her dust-pan and sweeps in a corner of the corridor and flies to lace your ball gown with solicitous alacrity, and a truly French pleasure in your adornment. It is in me to love the French people, because they illustrate the beauty of traits I have never possessed. Their language, their gestures, their style and their religion appeal to me in a very subtle way, as things outside my own nature but admirable. Even those awful small beings, the gamins of the gayest city on earth, have for me a weird fascination. An Irish or an English nun never rouses in me the same admiration or respect as a French one. The highest noble on the roll of Burke does not impress me like the high-voiced, bright-eyed, long-remembered, saint-protected old Marquise, with her scraps of yellow lace, and her lorgnette, which four or five generations have peeped through.

LADY GAY.

The Peasant's Parcel.

"ALWAYS act," said a good country postmaster, who was instructing a new clerk in his duties, "as if the person on the other side of the window were the postmaster-general." This was wholesome advice; partly because the humble citizen deserves to be politely treated by every servant of the public, and partly because the humblest-looking citizen may really be the postmaster-general, or some one equally high in authority. Many a clerk has found himself in trouble, if not actually removed from his place, for lack of habitual consideration in this regard.

Such a case was recently reported by the newspapers of Vienna, as having occurred at the main post-office at Trieste. A peasant came in and offered a package to be mailed. The clerk at the window told him that it was not properly put up, and refused to receive it. The peasant was confused, and said:

"How shall I put it up?"

"That's for you to know," said the clerk, gruffly.

Here a by-stander intervened to ask the clerk if he could not give the peasant an idea how he should do up the parcel, and the clerk called to the by-stander:

"If you are not satisfied, you can complain to the superintendent."

The by-stander appealed to the superintendent, who informed him that it was no part of the duty of post-office employees to instruct the public, and referred him to the postmaster.

Then the gentleman said:

"I have no time in which to hunt up the postmaster, but I shall be obliged if you will present my card to him,

and ask him if he will see me on a matter involving the question whether the public should be treated courteously by post-office employees."

The superintendent took the card somewhat loftily, and then unbent as he read:

"The Archduke Louis Salvator."

This meant that the gentleman who had taken up the cause of the peasant was a member of the reigning house of Austria, and consequently a person of great estimation. The postmaster was called, and he, the superintendent and the clerk who had been the original offender, all swarmed about the poor peasant, showing him exactly how to put up a parcel for the mail. It is said that never was parcel so carefully prepared.

It is not recorded that the Archduke made any one suffer further for the discourtesy. Probably he regarded himself as sufficiently rewarded for his pains by seeing the courtesies which the officials showered on the peasant.

How to Get Strong.

Nature Should be Assisted to Throw off the Poisons that Accumulate in the System during the Winter Months.

Thousands of people not really ill require a tonic at this season. Close confinement in badly ventilated houses, shops and school rooms during the winter months makes people feel depressed, languid and "out of sorts."

Nature must be assisted in throwing off the poison that has accumulated in the system during these months, else people fall an easy prey to disease. A tonic is needed, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is the greatest tonic medicine in the world. These pills make rich, red blood; strengthen tired nerves and make dull, listless men, women and children feel bright, active and strong.

Mr. John Siddons, London, Ont., says: "I can speak most favorably of the virtue of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They prove invaluable in strengthening and toning up the system when debilitated. Having used them for some time past I can speak most favorably of their beneficial results. As an invigorator of the constitution they are all that they claim to be."

But you must get the genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Imitations never cured anyone, and there are numerous pink-colored imitations against which the public is cautioned. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not keep them send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed postpaid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

What Became of the Dog?

HE had a grudge against a dog, growing out of the fact that the dog seemed to have a grudge against him, and he also had rather an exalted idea of his ability as a forceful and sarcastic letter writer.

"If I were you," said his wife, "I would kill that dog the next time he came near me."

"And get into a law suit with the owner?" he returned, scornfully. "No, I know a trick worth two of that. I'll write him a letter."

"Write whom a letter—the dog?"

"Now, don't try to be funny," he retorted. "You know very well what I mean. After I have written him a letter and given him fair warning, I can kill the dog if he comes near me, without danger of getting into trouble; but I feel pretty reasonably certain that it won't be necessary. After I have awakened the owner up with a scorching letter about keeping vicious dogs, I think that dog will disappear from the neighborhood."

When he submitted the missive to her she was forced to admit that it was, as he expressed it, "hot enough to make the man's hair curl." As he did not know the name of the man who owned the dog, he had to address the letter with the street and number alone, but he had seen the dog come out of the house so often that he knew there could be no mistake.

The next night when he reached home he was jubilant.

"Not a sign of the dog," he said. "I'll bet they have disposed of him already. I tell you, a man who knows how can accomplish more with a little ink and a pen than the average

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man can with a Gatling gun." The next night he entered the house with the exclamation:

"I told you so. That dog's gone for certain. There hasn't so much as a growl been heard from him since I wrote;" and the third night he expatiated at length upon the value of being a good letter writer.

The fourth night there was a letter waiting for him when he reached home, and fortunately he saw it before making any remark about the dog. Across the face of it the following was stamped: "No such number in street named." It was his letter about the dog, returned to him owing to a mistake he had made in the address. The dog is still missing from the street, but he no longer attempts to give the reason for it.—*Ex.*

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every photographical study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Photographical studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, raps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Co. correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Maple.—I don't know the "shadows" and the mud? I can just see them as I read your letter! 2. Your writing shows imagination, refinement, and a good deal of impulse. You are energetic, a little hasty and very self-reliant. You must be careful not to try to do too much. Ambition and courage are strong in you. All your nature is buoyant. I think you are a little vain; but you are so charmingly it is not disagreeable. With much impetuosity, you have discretion, a bright, pleasant temper, and some originality. Same to you.

Merry Xmas.—It depends sometimes upon one's mood. You are candid, generous and courageous, good-natured and adaptable—an easy person to live with. I should imagine; some artistic taste, a sociable disposition, a rather practical nature, no finess, and a tendency to take things easily. Thanks for your good wishes, dear; they have come true.

A Chicago Girl.—You are one of the strong; you are also an honest, truthful and deliberate thinker, by no means too happy, and not very ambitious; you take care of detail, are constant, tenacious in purpose, but not very firm in convictions. I don't think you'd die for any creed, nor give up your home for any politics. You are well able to take care of yourself, and should be a fine woman.

Jan Murchie.—'Tis a charming person, firm and crochety; a pessimist, but a struggler, capable of great affection, and perhaps sensitive without occasion. Feeling in various sorts is shown—writer has culture, refinement and reflection, is generally cautious, prefers things proved to experiments, is very conscientious in method and canny in action, rather original, and can sometimes be obstinate. Buoyancy and ambition are not shown at all; the main lack in the study is of them. Look up, my friend.

Disappointed One.—1. Your postmark recalled to me a jolly time. We passed through your town the other day; my, how it did rain! You are quite right. Look at the matter philosophically. You deceived yourself about him. He was all the time wanting, but you did not find it out. As to your ideal, he is like the Honorable Mrs. Hiram—imaginary; but there are men who are "good and true," and I hope you got one. 2. Your writing shows a good deal of force, but indirect application. I think you expend it without much judgment, and you are inclined to be too positive and emphatic in your conclusions. Without, however, any decided tenacity in quiet ways. Your consistency and tenacity are good, and your mind bright with quick perception and animated expression. You are certainly well worth further discipline and development.

Nana.—It is a cheerful, adaptable, contented nature, fond of ease, generally cautious and conventional, with some sympathy; tendency to expend energy unprofitably, constant in effort, and decided in purpose, but not markedly forceful; writer has considerable taste and a sweet disposition; would illustrate in her practice the motto, "Live and let live."

Pieces.—1. So, you are a March person; well, there are worse signs to be born under than the fishes. They represent the feet of the Great Man above, and you enquire. We depend upon the feet to carry us where we will. If they step carefully and surely the whole body travels safely. Arise, the Ram (the thinking, reflective people), is the head of the Man. Taurus, the Bull, the animal force of him; Leo, the torrid, August sign, his heart—and so on. You had best write to 280 Green Ave., Brooklyn, enclosing a dollar, and order the book about the Zodiacal Signs. It takes too much space to tell about them in this column. 2. Your writing is honest, emphatic, practical, but very crude.

Lady Dolly.—1. Lady Gay greets your wish with good wishes for Easter in return for your New Year pleasantry. 2. Your writing is refined, magnetic, self-contained, and very attractive. Your sequence of ideas is good, and you would never say a stupidly sounding word. Tact, sympathy, smart, quick, energetic thought and prompt action are shown. You can make the good and most of opportunity, but I think you would secure advantage, and, through lack of care, relinquish it afterwards. 'Tis a dashing study, truly. Would you make a trained nurse? Well, I'd like you to be mine.

Hearns.—Truth, courage, candor, some love of art, some discretion, an even temperament, not much logic, but good intuition and just judgment, love of beauty, and conscientious effort, are shown. York, Maine. Another Glory hath recently shone in this column; not a bit like you. You should succeed in a calling requiring taste, careful work, level judgment, and some eye for effect. Writing shows deliberation, easy temper, some love of beauty, a rather cheerful but not ambitious person, lacking snap and directness of effort. Your mind wiggles.

Nora O. R. Allen.—A very attractive study, somewhat original, self-reliant, versatile and logical. You are modest and self-respecting, rather reserved and averse to strife and excitement. Would never do a silly or ill-considered act, have taste, sympathy and good sequence of ideas. I will get you the translation of the words for next week. You can adapt yourself to circumstances, have considerable talent and not a deceptive line in whole study. Neatness, order, thrift and some proper pride are suggested.

A. Goodman.—A breezy and lively person, full of energy, disposed to enterprise and unmelancholy thought, not averse to sentiment, quick, tenacious, frank and accessible. The writer needs culture, which he would take on quickly; has great force, some cleverness, and loves the beautiful. Likes a good display, but is not a prodigal. There is a curious hint of pessimism behind all his dash.

Travenon, Welland.—I cannot make out your signature. Your study is probably very youthful. It is distinctly wavering, but promising. I think, perhaps, you'd better develop a bit first, my Scotch thistle.

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Studio and Gallery

PICTURE buying is surely increasing. Unfortunately, this is more conspicuous in other localities than Toronto. The London Daily News tells of a landscape exhibition at Dudley, when half-a-dozen artists contributed fifty pictures, and out of the fifty, thirty were sold, and all the sales at catalogue prices. This sounds here like a fish story. At the Pastel Exhibition in London the sales are "more than satisfactory." An English Journal, speaking of it, says: "It is not merely the novelty that is the draw; it is also that the collection has what Wordsworth so happily calls 'the modest charm of not too much.' Certainly, where it can be done, the grouping of each man's work and the spacing of the panels with well-judged intervals, make a show peculiarly attractive. And whatever helps the whole show further the chances of individual sales."

The O. S. A. had also the same modest charm and attractive arrangement, with not quite such good success in selling. However, the Landscape Painter in the Studio sums up the situation something as follows: "Buyers are not attracted by seeing pictures in exhibitions, but in the studios. Pictures demand isolation to be appreciated. Exhibitions are not for picture buyers, but picture seers. The ordinary scratch exhibition of good, bad and indifferent simply confuses the public, who have no inherent standard to enable them to discriminate. The good work is swamped or killed outright, for it may be almost accepted as an axiom that good exhibition pictures are bad art."

The O. S. A. has reason to congratulate itself on the success of its late exhibition. The attendance was very much better than usual, and the receipts more satisfactory. We feel sure the display was also more enjoyable in every way. One evidence of growth of art interest is to be found in the fact of the more intelligent and copious criticisms which many not in art circles were known to give, quite independent of, and in cases contrary to, the decisions arrived at by the newspapers. Some even went so far as to differ with the Telegram.

Different schemes are being devised in many places and by differing interests, to give expression to either the gratitude or the self-commendation which is felt on the approach of a new century. Church friends suggest raising money for funds, none too well supplied, as a fitting memorial. Secular interests, to collect in one display something of what has been accomplished, and show ourselves what we can really do, for what we can really do is the measure of our advancement. Glasgow proposes to mark the new century by erecting a new, or partially new, art gallery for exhibition purposes, near their University. Toronto could not do better than follow in the footsteps of Glasgow in this matter, and commemorate the new century by the erection of an Art Museum. Let it be a focussing of all that has been gained in art here during the past. We are encouraged to learn that the Parks and Gardens Committee recommend the investing of \$10,000 in a building for art at the Industrial. We hope all the other authorities involved will be standing at the same point of view when this recommendation comes before them. No other department labors under such disadvantages. All other exhibitions are provided with room to display all their material together, but the art exhibit may be hunted for and found in several localities quite apart from each other, if found at all.

Three rooms of the new gallery, London, are filled with the works of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and give almost a complete representation of the life work of the painter. Thirty-seven have never been exhibited before. Visions they are, dreamt into form and color. "The persuasiveness of

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44 KING STREET EAST

a great artistic personality" is felt all through. Yes, that is it, in all great works—the spirit touch on spirit. Altogether different the one hundred and twenty Rembrandts, in conception, but not in the essential art essence. A great personality here, also, behind the painting! France is to exhibit Rembrandt next. Whether they will ask England's treasures is not stated. It is understood that British collectors hold a large majority, and these of the best, of his works.

The Guild of Women Binders have established a depot of their own in London, and employ a man agent. They have about sixty-seven members, comprising representatives from at least five art organizations. These two things they do, with others: protect against mechanical designs without significance, and seek to introduce decorations which shall be characteristic of the contents of the book to be bound. This is a craft offering opportunities specially for women. It has been an outrage on our art sensibilities to enclose certain books we know in their present casing. A live being in a coffin expresses it somewhat. Much improvement we see, however. Let the book convey that essential quality of all good art, unity—the external, part of and harmonizing with the internal. Express this unity with sentiment, with beauty. Then a book is a lovely thing. Acta Victoriana for February contains a very comprehensive little article on the "Binder Craft," by Mrs. M. E. Dignam, giving also the present Canadian condition of book making.

In the preliminary list of subscribers to the fund for erecting a statue to Sir John Millais it is interesting to see how well artists are represented, and how generously they have contributed. No better evidence than this could be given of the regard felt for the late President by the members of his own profession, and of their anxiety to do honor to his memory. The choice of a site for the projected statue on the steps of the Tate Gallery is in every way commendable, for Sir John's services to British art were so conspicuous that a memorial to him could not be better placed than in this house of record of the achievements of our native school.

To-day is studio day. The studios will soon be abandoned for the summer, inappropriate and impossible as the word summer sounds at present. Not many more opportunities this season will be yours. Those who have visited during the year we feel sure do not regret it. We imagine some have held back, not being personally acquainted with the artists. Now, if you have any love for pictures, and any small measure of appreciation thereof, you are personally acquainted with the artist. When they say they will be pleased to see you, they mean it. To the list already printed, we add the name of Miss L. Evans, 268 Bloor Street West, whose studio will also be open to-day.

In the studio of Miss M. Cary McConnell are two interesting portraits, the work of her hands. Both are heads, the one in oils of Mrs. C. Harvey, the other in water colors of Miss Stevenson. Miss McConnell has always displayed facility in executing a faithful portrait, and these are no exception. Lately she has given her attention to smaller water-color portraits. For these there is an increasing demand.

A very excellent paper, full of practical suggestions, was read by Miss A. Sims, Lady Principal of Rosedale School, at the recent Teachers' Convention on School Art. Miss Sims has been an enthusiastic believer in this movement from its beginning here, and has contributed greatly to the success of the Rosedale League.

—JEAN GRANT.

Fitzhugh Lee's Advice on Giving Advice.

IN appointing General Fitzhugh Lee as Consul-General in Havana, President Cleveland made one of the most popular coups of his regime. "There is a man," said a noted official when he heard of Lee's appointment, "who, in looking after the interests of his countrymen, cannot be blinded, and he has more sand than any man I know."

General Lee was universally liked in Havana, and his administration was regarded with general satisfaction in the United States. American residents in Cuba felt no alarm as to their safety, and he succeeded even in winning the admiration, if not the friendship, of the enemy.

When he was in Havana, Mr. Alvord, calling upon the Consul-General one day with a proposition he believed to be opportune, found him urbane and happy as usual, ready to joke and tell stories while he rapidly did a great deal of work.

"General, I have a suggestion to make that I think will please the world," said Mr. Alvord.

"Hold up there, Blanco!" exclaimed the General. "Never make suggestions. One time when I was a raw lieutenant just out of West Point, riding across the plains with my troop, I caught sight of some Indians in a little woods. Hastily I rode up to the colonel and said enthusiastically: 'Colonel, I suggest that I take a few troopers and slug the Indians in that covey.'"

"Your suggestion is approved," replied the colonel; "pick out your men,

A WORN-OUT FAD. "Spring Medicines," "Blood Purifiers" and "Tonics" an Old-Fashioned Idea.

Pure blood, strong nerves and muscles, firm, healthy flesh, can only come from wholesome food well digested. "Blood purifiers" and "nerve tonics" do not reach the cause of the mischief. The stomach is the point to be looked after. The safest and surest way to cure any form of indigestion is to take after each meal some harmless preparation of this kind composed of vegetable essences, pure pepsin, golden seal and fruit salts, sold by druggists under name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets,

and go for them."

"I selected about fifty good troopers, and made a rush for the Indians. It seemed as if every blade of grass and every branch on the trees turned into war paint and tomahawks. A shower of arrows laid several of us low, and the rustling of the leaves showed that the Indians were in force and well armed. One arrow went through my own body, and I fell in a faint to the ground. Several hours after I was lying in the field hospital just as the colonel went by."

"Hello!" he exclaimed; "what officer is that?"

"The orderly saluted and replied: 'That is young Lieutenant Lee, sir.' 'Ahem!' ejaculated the colonel. 'That is the d— fool who suggested the thing.'"

"So," continued Lee, impressively, "don't suggest anything. Do what you are told to do, and let it go at that."

Under the Bondage of the Clock

NO MECHANISM is more widely used, none more indispensable than the clock, writes Edgar Smiley Nash, in the Philadelphia Post. It times little daily tasks; it marks the beginnings of great undertakings; it is consulted constantly. A successful man recently gave as the safest, the surest rule for success: "Keep your eye on the clock."

The advice is ambiguous. There is a watching of the clock that is harmful. Promptness has been over-lauded as a quality of success. The average young man of to-day prides himself that he is at the bank or in the office at the stroke of nine, and to be consistent in his promptness he lays down his work at the first stroke of six. He keeps his eye on the clock all day long; he watches the moving hands much too closely. He wastes time that is his employer's in thinking how he will spend the evening, in dreaming of the golden future when he will be an employer and need only come to the office when inclination prompts. The young man is punctual with his employer; he is not punctual with himself.

There is another type of man who keeps his eye on the clock from an entirely different motive. He times all his work; he arranges his tasks so that each minute is full. Ten minutes in which to do a certain thing means steady work. It is done, and, keeping his eye on the clock, he maps out and limits some other line of work. At the stroke of six he does not stop unless what he is doing is finished.

There is a watching that saves time, and what more satisfactory balance sheet than that kept with the clock? When the day closes the eight hours' work represents eight hours' work. There comes the satisfaction which results from work faithfully done, the realization that the possibilities of every moment have been utilized. The man is punctual with his employer; he is punctual with himself. He is storing for his future use a reserve fund of power; he is working under

high pressure, but the higher the pressure the greater his confidence in his own ability.

The young man who would succeed in any line must learn the science of making every moment tell. Ten minutes earlier to work, half an hour later at the store, are not minutes wasted. They are man's investment in time, and the returns may be incalculable. When the great books are balanced men will be faced with the enormous debit of minutes wasted, and it will be seen that the length of that column will be commensurate with the shortness of the credit column of work accomplished.

We all keep our eyes on the clock, but we should watch it to conserve time, not to waste it; to increase, not to decrease our power of work. We should be masters, not servants, of time.

A Farmer Who Did Not Cringe.

Kincardine Review.

AS a sample of what Matthew Arnold would call "a vigorous prose style," the following letter written by a farmer to a railway company is published. It was handed the Review by Mr. Joseph Montgomery, barrister, of St. Thomas, Ont., as a true copy of the letter:

Highgate, Feb. 10th, 1891.

To The C. S. R. Co.
Dear Sir,—It has in some mysterious way filtered down to me that the officials of this Company consider my letters of January 31st as sassy. Now, as private gentlemen, and I know that some are gentlemen in the approved sense of the word from personal contact as private gentlemen, if I have in the least offended them I sincerely beg to apologize. But as officials of the C. S. R. Co. in their official capacity, if there be any that entertain that pig-headed, crooked-eyed notion prevalent among some section of the lower order of the civilized world that farmers are a lower order of intelligence, I say if there be any such in their official capacity, I will see them in that portion of the infernal regions where the heat is so intense that it will melt pitchblende; with scorpion lizards and blowing adders sucking blood from every square inch in their body; with the medical fraternity pulling their toes and finger nails with forceps; the cobblers mending pegs in them with a pegging awl; with the dentists screwing out their teeth with half-inch drills, druggists pulling out their eyes with corkscrews, Beecham driving east from silver into their teeth with a marlin-spike; the devil flogging them with a cat-of-nine-tails with needles tied to the ends, and Lazarus of feeling them water in a tannin cun watching their mothers opening and shutting their mouths to admit the escape of all the fluids in the infernal regions to paradise; with Nero playing the devil's scream on a horse fiddle; and after the friends have all escaped, I would see them sit on a hurdle cake through all the ages of eternity, like a Chinese wooden god, watching a male rotation kicking football, without being able to take part in the game, before I would apologize to them, and if they thought they could tyrannize over me, I would see my own bank sink and submerged so that the Celestials could plant tea on the other side of my bones ground into artificial fertilizer before I would let them. And I am sorry that I am not quite up to my word, for the hired man and I worked all day February 9th to get the gate open, and we find that we will have to go and get block and tackle, and we find that we have to open on Feb. 10th, so that Tipperary Mike can come up on the Mall and lay information. "Will you tread on the tail of me coat," my coat.

Will you tread on the tail of me coat."

Yours truly,
Samuel Hector Campbell Foster,
Highgate, Ont.

But please don't use all this name, for Highgate P. O. is too small to get it in.

How to Get Plump and Rosy

Nature meant woman to be plump, rosy and well developed, and it is the laudable ambition of every woman to strive for this ideal. Thinness denotes disease. It is the thin, bloodless girl that becomes the pale, nervous, faded woman, who suffers from nervousness, headaches, backaches, pains in the sides, sleeplessness, irritability and despondency.

When the nerves are weak, digestion is impaired, the blood becomes thin, watery and diseased, and woman suffers all the misery caused by the irregularities of her peculiarly feminine organism. You can supply nourishment to both the blood and nerves by using

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food

It makes woman plump and rosy by revitalizing the wasted nerve cells and putting into the blood the very ingredients required to make it rich and pure.

Pale weak women, and thin, bloodless girls find themselves steadily gaining in health and strength while using DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD, the greatest spring restorative. 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or by mail, along with a copy of Dr. Chase's new book, "The Ills of Life and How to Cure Them," on receipt of price by Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Celebrated India Pale Ale and Stout of John Labatt

can be purchased from all dealers in Wines and Liquors at the SAME PRICE AS OTHER DOMESTIC ALES.

When ordering, specify "LABATT'S," and insist on having what you order.

SUBSTITUTION THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

See you get Carter's. Ask for Carter's. Insist and demand

CARTER'S Little Liver Pills

The only perfect Liver Pill. Take no other, even if solicited to do so. Beware of imitations of same colored wrapper—RED.

BE SURE THEY ARE CARTER'S

DON'T SHOVEL YOUR DOLLARS into your stoves without getting good results. Can't get good results from poor COAL. That's sure. If you come to us you will get the very best coal in the market. It's perfectly screened. It's free from all coal impurities, burns up to five ashes. Prices fluctuate. So you had better buy now while they're low. We deliver anywhere in the city promptly. Shall we book your order?
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Played With the Wrong Man.

THE innocent-looking elderly gentleman who meekly submits to rough handling in a crowd may have his own methods of avenging rudeness. Witness the experience of fifty medical students who, says the Chicago Times-Herald, indulged in a "jollification." They took possession of an Alley L. train at Twenty-second street, and "held high jinks" all the way into town. In their own words, they "played horse" with the other passengers, and they thought themselves very smart indeed.

But they were not quite so smart as they thought. There was an old man aboard—a nice old man, with a white moustache and a silk hat—who beat them at their own game.

The occurrence happened in the smoking car. As the various stations were reached, and passengers tried to get out of the car, the students assisted. "Pass him along!" was the cry, and the unfortunate passenger was lifted bodily over the heads of the students, tossed in the air, and finally thrown out upon the platform.

The guards told the unruly students to cease their rough behavior or leave the train, but the admonition fell on unfruitful ground. The fun grew more and more hilarious until Adams street was reached.

At this point the old man with the white moustache got up to leave. He was in the extreme end of the car, away from the door.

"Pass him along!" shouted the students. "Help the old gentleman out!"

They helped him out. They tossed him up to the ceiling, they dropped him to the floor, they wedged him here and there; and after they had tossed him out at last they felt so hilarious that they smashed each other's hats with their canes.

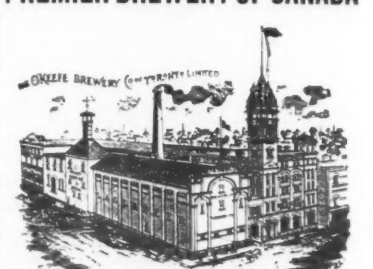
At eight o'clock last night a young man who said he was a student came meekly into the Central Police Station and reported that an old man with a white moustache and a silk hat had picked the pockets of four of the students on the train, securing four gold watches and a pocket-book or two.

"It will be a great favor," he said, "if this little affair can be kept out of the papers."

"Why do the roses fade slowly away?" she enquired, poetically. "Well," replied the bald-headed young man with wide ears, "when you think it over it's all for the best. It's more comfortable to have them fade slowly away than to go off all of a sudden like a torpedo."—Washington Star.

Jones—What do you think of a man who has to use a safety-pin to connect his trousers with his suspenders? Brown—He should either get married or get a divorce.—Puck.

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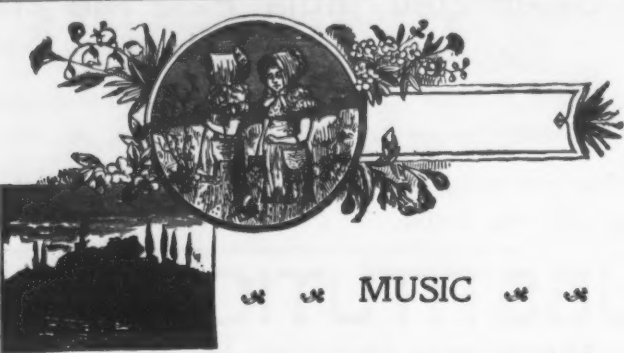
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MUSIC

VERY choice programme of vocal and piano music was given on Saturday afternoon last, in Nordheimer Hall, by Miss Abbie Helmer, pianist, and Miss Bertha Rogers, contralto, pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth and Miss Amy R. Jaffray respectively. Miss Helmer's playing displayed the possession of refined musical taste, a well cultivated technique, and an elastic touch which accommodated itself to the most delicate nuances and the most powerful dynamic effects. Miss Rogers displayed a voice of charming quality and color, and interpreted her numbers with appropriate expression, artistic finish, and conscientious fidelity to the text. The select audience were delighted with the recital, and the most gratifying compliments were paid to the young ladies and their teachers. The character of the programme will be indicated when it is said that it included representative compositions by Bach, Rachmaninoff, Schumann, Beethoven, Chopin, J. S. Bach, and Liszt.

Mrs. Leonora James Kennedy is announced to give a song recital in the Guild Hall, McGill street, on the evening of April 11. She will have the assistance of Miss Gertrude Hughes, elocutionist, Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist, and Mrs. Edward Faulds, pianist. An excellent programme has been prepared for the occasion.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the musical critic of the New York Tribune, gave his lecture on How to Listen to Music, in Association Hall, on the evening of March 23. Mr. Krehbiel is not an effective speaker in any sense of the word; his delivery is so indistinct that it is wearisome to attempt to follow him, unless one is placed a few feet from the platform. His discourse contained much that was interesting and instructive to the general public; to well-informed musical people he had nothing to say that was new; but then I take it his lecture is not addressed to this class of the community. He explained the elements of beauty and order to be looked for in a musical composition, and with the aid of Mrs. Mallon gave several quotations in illustration of his teaching. Naturally as an example of thematic development or germ development the first movement of the C minor symphony of Beethoven was utilized in this way, and it was also held up as a remarkable instance of organic unity as a whole, both in spirit and design. The attendance was, it is to be regretted, small, and those present belonged to a class who for the most part could anticipate what the lecturer was going to say, but who were curious to hear how he would handle his subject.

The Edinburgh Review (January) criticizes the extraordinary egoism and self-consciousness which pervades Wagner's writings, most of which consist of "expositions and contemplations of his own genius, his own feelings, his own personality and history." The reviewer reminds those who are carried away by this very dominant self-assertion that the greatest artists, and particularly the great composers, have evinced a positive dislike and even inability to discuss their methods and their art. The greatest creative geniuses have been content with production, and have left theorizing and criticizing to others, says the reviewer; and he goes on to state that, according to analogy, there must be something factitious, something which, however striking and startling for the moment, will not stand the inquisition of time, in the work of a composer who so persistently proclaimed and interpreted his own creations.

It will be interesting to pro-Wagnerites to learn that the authorities of the Madrid Opera House have decided to give a series of performances of Wagnerian music-drama after Easter. The programme is to give twenty-six representations during the month commencing April 15. Dr. Hans Richter and Dr. Muck of the Berlin Opera have been engaged as conductors and will take with them their principal singers and an orchestra selected from the bands of Vienna and Berlin. Of the twenty-six performances no fewer than twenty-four are to be devoted to the "Ring."

The coming season of grand opera in London, England, promises to be a duplicate of the New York season. Mr. Grau and his syndicate have already engaged the following artists for Covent Garden: Mme. Melba, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Miss De Lussan, Miss Bauermeister, Messrs. Jean and Edward de Reszke, M. Saleza, Herr Dappell, Herr Van Dyck, Mr. Blispham, M. Placcon, M. Van Rooy, and Signor Mancinelli. It is expected that Mme. Calve, Mme. Nordica, Frau Lehmann and other noted singers will also be secured.

An overflowing house greeted the choir at Bond street Congregational church on the occasion of their concert, given under the direction of Mr. A. B. Jury, organist and choir-master, on Thursday evening, March 16. They were assisted by Miss Jessie Alexander, elocutionist, and Miss Nellie Walmsley, violinist. The popular numbers of Miss Alexander were greeted with marked appreciation, which is characteristic of her audiences wherever she appears. Miss Nellie Walmsley played Godard's Adagio Pathétique in a very artistic manner, giving it a scholarly interpretation. The numbers given by the

choir and quartette were executed in good style, the attack and phrasing showing the good work done by the leader. Mrs. A. B. Jury, the soloist of the choir, sang Denza's May Morning, which showed her good clear voice to advantage, and had to respond to a recall.

The London Daily Chronicle is responsible for the following:—The cosmopolitan world assembled at Nice had the satisfaction last Friday evening of listening to a spirited overture composed by the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and entitled Influenza, because it was written at the time when his Imperial Highness was a victim to that epidemic. It is described as a fine work, of considerable orchestral importance, and is said to have been received with unbounded enthusiasm.

The following extracts from a letter written by an English musician to the London Musical Opinion under the heading of "Quackery in the Musical Profession," will be of interest at this time:—

"Sir,—The principal cause of the above is doubtless the issuing of the local elementary certificates by the colleges, whether bogus or otherwise. At least ninety-five per cent. of the children—big or little, rich or poor—who take these do so in order to use them fraudulently, as if they were qualifying teachers' diplomas. They do so using them immediately they obtain them, even though they are only junior and senior pass certificates; for this purpose, parents so readily part with their guineas. This is the real cause of the qualified and trained teachers' poverty, and the consequent contempt in which they are held by the members of other professions. Does any other profession issue local certificates and allow them to be so fraudulently used? Not likely."

"I used to think that the successful passing of pupils in the local examinations of the Associated Board, T.C.L., R.A.M., or I.S.M., would bring me more pupils and better fees; but it has done exactly the reverse, and for the reasons just given. What a fine thing it must be to be an examiner! I passed a pupil recently I.R.A.M., but, before doing so, I had four so-called lessons at one guinea each of one of the examiners! How nice! How such men must laugh, to be sure!"

"Government registration is, I am convinced, the only plan to protect real musicians, who have to teach, from starvation now. The registration of the kind which I recently could be obtained from the Associated Board for the sum of two guineas yearly, I am glad to see is abolished, as it was being used—as the board must have known that it would be—as a diploma. Why was such registration ever granted? Had a love of cash anything to do with it? Why not abolish their local examination certificates, which are being used as R.A.M. diplomas? Or try to stop the people from using them as such? Yours, etc."

"A DISGUSTED TEACHER OF MUSIC," December 10, 1898.

The references above to the guinea registration fiasco of the Associated Board are commended to the notice of our friend Mr. Samuel Aitken, who is still sojourning in our midst preparing a "pamphlet" on the subject which so greatly interests him.

The occasion of the first meeting between Patti and the divine Sarah is related by the woman who was a close companion of Patti at the table. "Immediately upon our arrival in Paris," she says, "Adelina was besought by several journalists to co-operate in a benefit to be given in aid of the obscure actress, Sarah Bernhardt, who had lost all her small possessions in a fire. The Marquis de Caux did not at first like the idea of his wife singing for an actress of no renown, but at last he gave his consent. On the 5th of November, 1889, Adelina Patti sang at the Odeon theater for the benefit of Sarah Bernhardt. After the concert, the latter, clad in a black woollen gown, timidly approached the great singer and offered her a small bouquet, and being too shy to utter a word of thanks, she kissed her hand. Who would have guessed that so insignificant a girl would develop into the famous Sarah Bernhardt of to-day, and astonish the world by her triumphs and her quarrels?"

I have just received some advance sheets of the new University Song Book from the committee of revision. The pages forwarded contain an excellent selection of songs, having special reference to the purpose for which they are intended, and in which one finds both the humorous and serious styles represented. Several of the numbers are provided with banjo accompaniments, in the arrangement of which Mr. Smedley's services were called into requisition. The work has been some time in preparation, and it is expected will be ready for publication in about a month. The committee may fairly be congratulated on the result of their labors.

Mr. Edward Breck, the Berlin correspondent of the New York Times, has been writing some uncomplimentary things about music in the German capital. He says it adores "squeaky singing and playing out of tune." He adds, "I do not want to draw the conclusion from this appalling fact that the Germans are not musical, but only that they are less so, particularly the masses, than we are taught to believe. In most ways the Germans are certainly the most musical people in the world; in a great many others they are the most unmusical. There is no country in the world where so much music can be heard; there is no country in the world where so much singing and playing of the key is tolerated, nay, enjoyed. Here again the German national dullness of sense which precludes finish and finesse

comes in. . . . The German stands alone as a creative musician; as an interpreter artist he falls below the Slav, the Hungarian or the Latin; for the fire, the caressing touch, the diablerie, in a word, the artistic finish is not his; that unfailing instinct for the nuance which is the soul of artistic expression. Only of the pre-eminently classic is he a masterly interpreter, the music which allows of the least individuality on the artist's part, like Bach and Beethoven." As a further illustration he refers to the German bands which he says set his teeth on edge. Many of the five corps in the Fatherland you may hear playing tunes a whole half tone too flat.

The readers of this column will be sorry to hear that Miss Carrie Lash, the popular contralto, has resigned her position as solo singer of St. Andrew's church choir, as a preparatory step to her leaving the city. Miss Lash will go into matrimonial partnership with Mr. J. H. Coburn, and the couple will make their home in Walkerton. Miss Lash has unobtrusively done good service in the cause of music in several of its branches both sacred and secular, and it is needless to say that she will be missed both by her numerous friends and the musical public generally.

Several concerts of artistic importance have yet to be given in Toronto before the season closes. Mme. Carreno, who has been absurdly called the "lioness" of the piano, will revisit the city this month, and Mr. Richard Burnmeister, one of the most musical of concert pianists, will be heard again in conjunction with the Faded Women's Orchestra of Boston on April 6. The Massey Hall course will wind up in a blaze of glory with Mme. Nordica and the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Emil Paur, as the great attractions.

The recent death of the venerable actress, Mrs. Keeley, recalls the fact that as Miss Goward she sang the Mermaid's song in the original production of Weber's Oberon in London in 1826. She was then a young woman of about twenty years of age. Weber ordered that his song should be sung at the wing. At the rehearsal, Miss Goward not being able to see the conductor, the number went very badly. Fawcett, the stage manager, immediately cried out: "Cut it out; it won't go." Although Weber was deadly ill at the time he would not submit to this. "I will show you how it will go," answered he, taking the baton himself. And he carried the singer and orchestra through together so successfully and with so charming an effect that the idea of cutting the song was out of the question. The late John Ella in his reminiscences said that Miss Goward received the composer's kiss of approval, but rather curiously refers to her as a little girl. Mrs. Keeley was the last of the members of the original cast of Oberon; they have all passed away.

Emil Sauer's recital in Ottawa on the 6th of April is to be under the following very distinguished patronage: His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, the Postmaster-General and Mrs. Mulock, Major-General and Mrs. Hutton, Hon. Clifford and Mrs. Sifton, Hon. Sydney Fisher, and others. This being the first grand musical event at the Capital after the Lenten season, it is anticipated that it will draw out one of the largest and most brilliant audiences of the season. Many people from a distance are going, and the very distinguished pianist will have a splendid reception at the Capital in the cosy and handsome Russell Theater.

Communications intended for notice in this column should reach the office of SATURDAY NIGHT not later than Tuesday at noon in order to secure attention in the issue of the current week. They should be addressed to the Musical Editor.



Franklin's Wife.

WHEN the runaway apprentice, Benjamin Franklin, arrived in Philadelphia, he walked up Market street from the wharf, carrying three great puffy rolls—one under each arm, while he was eating the third. His pockets were stuffed with shirts and stockings, and he himself was very dirty. (says the Youth's Companion). As he passed by the house of a Mrs. Read, her laughter, standing at the door, laughed at the awkward looking boy. Seven years later this girl became the wife of the boy who-e ridiculous appearance had heartily amused her.

"She proved a good and faithful helpmate," he says; "assisted me much by attending the shop; we threw together, and have ever mutually endeavored to make each other happy."

She was a stout, handsome woman, who, although not a congenial companion for Franklin in his studies and experiments, or in his political career, helped him in his printing-office and stationery shop, where she sold not only paper, parchment, ink, legal blanks and books, but soap, groceries, liquors and goose-

Her housewifely virtues were recognized by her husband when he wrote to her: "It was a comfort to me to recollect that I had once been clothed from head to foot in woolen and linen of my

wife's manufacture, and that I never was prouder of any dress in my life."

Mr. Fisher, in his biographical sketch, The True Benjamin Franklin, tells a story to illustrate Franklin's frugality and method of acquiring property.

On the eastern shore of Maryland a young man called one evening on an old farmer to ask him how it was that he had become rich. "It is a long story," said the old man, "and while I am telling it we might as well save the candle," and he blew it out.

"You need not tell the story," said the youth. "I see."

Franklin's method of gaining wealth, as seen in his narrative of how he and his wife lived together, was the one her ancestors practiced. "We kept no idle servants," he says, "our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance, my breakfast was for a long time bread and milk—no tea—and I ate out of a twopenny earthen porringer with a pewter spoon. But mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle."

"Being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl with a spoon of silver! They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three and twenty shillings, for which she had no other excuse or apology to make but that she thought her husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors."

In the course of years the plate in his house was "augmented gradually to several hundred pounds in value." "Poor Richard" had indeed permitted luxury to enter his house when his plate could be valued at what would now be equivalent to the handsome sum of four or five thousand dollars.

The Portrait Exhibition.

THE Portrait Exhibition which opens in Toronto on Monday, April 3, under the auspices of the Woman's Art Association, will be of interest to a very large number of people. Its aim is to show the development of photography from its daguerreotype and silhouette stages to the present; to picture the evolution of the time-honored art of engraving; to illustrate the growth of portraiture, beginning with the earliest data, and illustrated by portraits of great portrait painters, from the Greek-Egyptian, endeavoring to connect portrait painting of all periods with the last two centuries. Miniature painting on ivory, porcelain, etc., will be largely illustrated, the collection in this department being unusually good. A numerous variety of medals of much historic interest have been collected. If there be any other fashion of depicting mankind not enumerated here it will be there too.

Now as to the illustrious ones whom we may expect to meet there: The Queen first, the Governors-General of the Dominion and Lieutenant-Governors of the provinces, military officers living and passed on, the civil, religious and educational leaders, those of U.E.L. fame, and lastly a valuable representation of women remarkable for many things.

Such matter needs no recommendation. It will be carefully classified and catalogued, thus being intelligible to all, and arranged with taste and judgment. Accompanying the display will be features of a social nature, as is usual; every evening an entertainment of some sort. To those who provide them we are all great debtors. It is a resurrection of the past, which it is good for us to stop to contemplate in the midst of the rush of this present age, which is not remarkable for sentiment or for great deeds.

To the Woman's Art Association are due the rewards their works merit, and not least certainly to its indefatigable president. This is not the first of her efforts towards a more general diffusion of art knowledge. To those who have brought out to public view their friends and their treasures is due the appreciation of all.

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Social and Personal.

A floral horseshoe in the O.J.C. colors is to
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girl, when the Countess visits the Portrait
Exhibition. Mrs. Cawthra's Duchesses of
Devonshire are going to be the stunning
attendants on the English evening. Mrs.
Riddell and Mrs. Matthews have a charm-
ing coterie for the French evening. Open-
ing night on Monday next will be an eye-
opener, I am assured, in the way of bright-
ness and beauty.

The engagement of Mr. Broughall and
Miss Inez Mitchell is announced. They
are to be married on April 19.

Mr. Bernard Jennings and Miss Anna
Jennings are in New York for an Easter
visit.

Mr. George Carruthers has been down
at Old Point Comfort and returns immedi-
ately with his mother, Mrs. James Car-
ruthers, in time for the spring sporting
event.

Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones are still in
the South, and will not return until the
second week of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell are in
Cobourg for Easter.

Mrs. George Bethune has returned to
Toronto after a long residence in New
York. Mrs. Rene Gamble, who injured
her knee on the golf links at Old Point
Comfort, is now very much better. Miss
Edith Montizambert of Kingston is visit-
ing Mrs. Charles Walker of Prince Arthur
avenue.

Many friends had a sad shock on hear-
ing of the death of Mrs. De Lisle, nee
Oswald, which took place about midnight
on Friday. Mrs. De Lisle has been an
invalid for some years, and finding it
difficult to sleep sometimes passed hours
of the night reading, and was never dis-
turbed if she slept late in the morning.
On Saturday morning her maid, as usual,
awaited the sound of her bell to take up
breakfast, but not being summoned she
went up about noon to see how Mrs. De
Lisle was. She was terrified to find her
mistress unconscious, and when a physi-
cian was hastily called in he said that Mrs.
De Lisle had been dead some hours. The
gas was burning, so that she had probably
been reading and had been seized with
heart failure. Mr. De Lisle was in Mont-
real, and with Colonel Oswald, his brother-
in-law, arrived in town on Sunday. Very
heartfelt sympathy is expressed to him
and his fine young son, who is so popular
and so well known in every athletic and
merry circle. Mother and son were de-
voted to each other, and her loss will be
keenly felt by him, as indeed it is by all
who knew Mrs. De Lisle.

Home from the Mediterranean.
Dr. G. R. McDonagh of 140 Carlton
street, who has been for two months
traveling in the sunny climes adjacent to
the Mediterranean, will be home on the
fifth of April, and ready to see his patients
on the eighth.

"YOU SEE, IT IS JUST THIS WAY,"

I had Dyspepsia, did not feel like
eating, what I ate did me no good,

I tried Medicines till I
was tired

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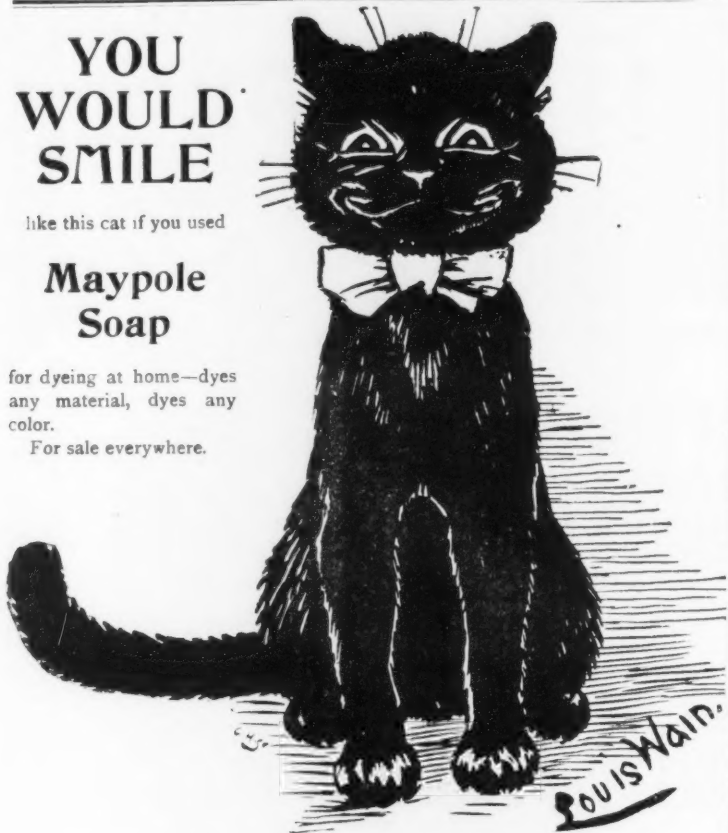
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Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Effingham Mason have moved into their new home, No. 24 Grosvenor street, where Mrs. Mason and her sister, Miss Mack, will be at home the first, second and third Tuesday in each month.

Lieut. R. H. Ryan, King's Canadian Hussars, was the guest last week of Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton, corner of Bathurst

and Adelaide streets. Having finished a brilliant and very successful course at Stanley Barrack, he left on Monday evening to take a position on the staff of the District Officer Commanding, Halifax, N.S.

Mr. Aurel Batonyi will not come to the Horse Show, as he is up to his ears in business in New York, and has lessons and engagements every day. Driving has become a fad, four-in-hand driving an en-

thusiasm; the bicycle and the horseless carriage seem only to have increased the ardor of the horse-lover. Consequently Mr. Batonyi, peerless in the art, is the rage, and finds himself booked for months and even years in advance. His books on driving have proved him master of the science and are eagerly sought after by his admirers who desire to follow on to success as drivers of that smartest turn-out on wheels, a four-in-hand coach.

The "Fair Maids of Perth" are giving a dance next Tuesday evening at Listowel.

On Friday afternoon of last week a gay little company was gathered at Mrs. Hees' handsome home in St. George street to meet Mr. Howard Martin and Mr. Houghton. Among those who enjoyed the impromptu tea were: Mrs. James Crowther, Mrs. Machray, Mrs. W. Goulding, Mrs. Huyck Garratt, Dr. Garratt, Miss Jeanie Wallbridge, Miss Helen Armstrong, Miss Laing, and Mr. Finucane. Miss Florence Tonkin, a wonderfully sweet and charming girl, did the honors with her pretty sister-in-law-elect, and Mrs. Hees, though suffering from a bad attack of cold, was also kindly hospitable.

Miss Helen Cattanauch returned from Ottawa on Tuesday after a pleasant visit to Sir Louis and Lady Davies.

Miss Annie Elliott left on Thursday afternoon to spend Eastertide with friends in St. George.

The visit of Mr. George Meagher to Ottawa last week gave the citizens an opportunity of seeing skating such as poets' dreams are made of. The grace and skill of his ex-pupil, Lady Minto, were never realized so fully as when she displayed them in company with her teacher. Mr. Meagher has been abroad for some time, in fact about ever since his last visit in Toronto, and has instructed many exalted personages in the graceful pastime which he has raised to an art.

A number of the posters sent in to the W.A.A. in the competition announced will be displayed for a week in the windows of the store of the Auer Light Company, Yonge street. Among them will be the three successful ones. The first prize (\$15) was awarded to the poster by Miss Muntz; second prize (\$10) to Miss Marie Parke; third prize (\$5) to Miss Stella Kerr. Four other posters received

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LADIES. PLEASE NOTICE

FREE LESSONS IN SILK WORK

Messrs. Hemmaway & Sons, the large manufacturers of Art Embroidery Silks, are giving free lessons in silk work at their Canadian agency, 52 Bay street, Toronto. Samples of some of the finest silk work in America are on exhibition at their offices.

Phone 141. 52 BAY STREET.

honorably mention, those designed by Mrs. Carter, Miss Springer, Miss McConnell and Miss G. Brown.

Mr. Roebottom has recently returned from a visit in New York, where he happened to be at the time of the fire at the Windsor. He is now a much sought after raconteur at five o'clock teas, and the pretty women shudder and say, "Oh, go on; tell us some more!" when he recounts the wonderful rescues effected by Go-ham's brave brigades. And he does it capably, too, for, like everyone else, he was immensely impressed and overcome by the tragedy and its incidents.

The Relief of Eye Weaknesses.

One of the disadvantages of our system of civilization is the unnatural strain put upon the eye. The continual concentration of the eye upon small objects, as in reading, writing, etc., is more than the human optic was originally intended for,

and has caused the wide spread of shortsightedness and other troublesome and injurious eye weaknesses.

It is comforting to know that human skill and knowledge may overcome human weakness and that it is possible to get a pair of glasses at a reasonable price and be sure at the same time that they are suited to one's individual case. Mr. F. E. Luke, proprietor of the Toronto Optical Parlors, 88 Yonge street, upstairs, is an accomplished optician of long and successful experience and is equipped with all the modern optical instruments for scientifically testing the eyesight and devotes his whole time to this one thing alone, and guarantees the spectacles he provides in any case to be absolutely correct.

In the same apartments is the office of Dr. W. E. Hamill, the well known oculist, with whom Mr. Luke has a business association, whereby his patrons, if necessary, may consult Dr. Hamill regarding their glasses without extra cost, thus putting the most difficult case in the grasp of science. The patrons of the Toronto Optical Parlors are assured that the expense will be no greater than they would have to undergo at the hands of the jeweler, who makes at best only a side line of spectacles.

Rambler Bicycles

GORMULLY & JEFFERY
MFG. CO., Chicago

1899
20th Year



\$50.00

Rambler Bicycles are only made in ONE grade. Seven different models, including thirty inch Wheels and Tandems. Twenty years' experience building high grade wheels have placed

The Gormully & Jeffery Co. and Rambler Bicycles in the Lead

IDEAL BICYCLES

A complete line. Twelve models, including Juveniles.

Shelby Cycle Mfg. Co.
SHELBY, Ohio.

\$25.00 to \$45.00

BERTRAM, WILSON & CO.

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ARE...
Ease in Carrying
Will Go Under the Sleeping-Car Berth
Will not Crush or Crease the Clothes
Equally Suited for Lady or Gentleman

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A visit to our establishment will interest you, as our display of Leather Goods is most complete.

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Food at Second Hand!



BEEF-eaters must take their food at second hand, plus the liability of taking with their beef whatever disease or disorder the animal may have. Furthermore, cattle are slaughtered when under intense excitement; when all that is desperate and vicious in them is thoroughly aroused. Scientists tell us that the flesh of the animal partakes of this vicious excitement in varying degrees. If this is so may it not be that many a vicious human character is traceable to this cause?

IT IS NOT SO WITH

Shredded Wheat Biscuit.

In these you get food at first hand, direct from Mother Earth, and its effect upon the human is to produce a kind and gentle nature and encourage moral and spiritual development. They rebuild rapidly the tissues consumed in the wear and tear of work, and they supply the proper proportions of nourishment for every part of the human system. Try Shredded Wheat Biscuit for a month and see how clear-headed, at ease and self-reliant you will become; all because you are properly nourished.

Any grocer can supply you. Over 200 receipts sent Free.

SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Worcester, Mass.



For EYE TROUBLES

Consult Toronto's Leading Optician, who will tell you if glasses are required or not.

MR. E. F. GREENWOOD,
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For full particulars apply to
A. M. CAMPBELL,
Confederation Building, 8 Richmond St. East.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. EASTER RATES

Round trip tickets will be issued as follows:

GENERAL PUBLIC Single First-Class Fare

Going March 30th to April 3rd, inclusive, returning up to and including April 4th, 1899.
Territory—From stations, Mackenzie, S. S. Marie, Mich., De roll, Mich., and stations east; to all stations Fort-William, Ont.; S. S. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich., and east, and to, but not from, Buffalo, N.Y., Black Rock, N.Y., Suspension Bridge, N.Y., and Niagara Falls, N.Y.

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

(On surrender of certificates signed by principal)
Single First-Class Fare and One-Third Between stations west of Montreal, and Single First-Class Fare and One-Third to Montreal added to Single First-Class Fare from Montreal

from stations west of Montreal to Quebec, Lewis and New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Going March 17th to April 1st, inclusive, returning up to and including April 10th, 1899.

C. F. McPHERSON, A.G.P.A.

1 King St. East, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM EXCURSIONS TO PACIFIC COAST

TORONTO TO

San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego,

Cal.—One way, second class, going any date,

\$49.50

Seattle, Tacoma, Wash., N. Westminster,

Vancouver, Victoria, B. C., Portland, Ore.

One way, second class, going any date,

\$41.30; return, first class, going April 1st and 18th, returning within 21 days, \$76.35

Nelson, Kelowna, Robson, B. C.—One way,

second class, going any date, \$18.50; return,

first class, going April 1st and 18th, returning

within 21 days, \$76.35

Proportionate rates from other stations in

Canada. Return tickets only issued Tuesday,

April 1st and 18th, May 2nd and 9th, 1899,

and are limited to fifteen days on going jour-

ney (stop-over allowed within that limit), good

to return on any Tuesday or Friday within

twenty-one days from date of purchase.

Single Tickets Issued any Date.

Tickets via Chicago and North Bay.

Tickets and information from agents G. T. R.

System.

M. C. DICKSON, Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

SYNCK—March 20, Mrs. Charles Synck—a

daughter.

PELIER—March 20, Mrs. F. E. P. Pelier—a

daughter.

MAJOR—March 20, Mrs. Ed. Major—a daughter.

STEWART—March 20, Mrs. W. Stewart—a son.

ADAMS—March 16, Mrs. J. Frank Adams—a

son.

AKNOT—March 20, Mrs. James Aknot—a son.

VERITY—King, March 16, Mrs. F. H. Verity—a

son.

DALLMORE—March 18, Mrs. E. Dallmore—a

son.

PEACOCK—March 22, Mrs. W. C. Peacock—a

son.

BROPHY—March 20, Mrs. W. A. Brophy—a

daughter.

Marriages.

STEVENSON—WESTON—March 23, Hugh H.

Stevenson to Fanny G. Weston.

POSTLETHWAITE—HAYNES—March 27, Frank

W. Postlethwaite to May Frances Haynes.

SMITH—DUNN—March 20, Dr. Geo. B. Smith to

Eva Dunn.

Deaths.

BROWN—Owen Sound, March 22, Algina

Marion Brown.

HUGHES—March 23, Patrick Hughes, J.P.

SHEPPARD—March 23, William Sheppard, aged

88.

WAKEFIELD—March 23, Mary Wakefield, aged

80.

ARRUTHNOT—March 23, John Arruthnot, aged

82.

GALBRAITH—Port Hope, March 22, Thomas

Galbraith, aged 76.

MCLEAN—March 27, Archibald George Mc-

Lean, aged 70.

MACQUODALE—March 26, Dolly Macquod-

dale, aged 18.

WALLACE—March 26, Rev. Robert Wallace,

aged 78.

CUTTELL—March 25, John B. Cuttell, aged 51.

PETIT—Grimsby, March 25, A. H. Pettit, aged

83.

SUMMERS—March 24, John Summers, aged 76.

MCKENZIE—March —, Ronald McKenzie, aged

41.

SPURR—March 20, William Henry Theodore

Spurr, aged 34.

LAWRENCE—Aurora, March 21, John Lawrence,

aged 83.

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TRATOR, EXECUTOR, GUARDIAN,

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THE WATERS HUB USED ON THE '99 GENDRON

ALLOWS

The front wheel to be taken out without spreading the front forks.

The rear wheel in a ladies' model can be taken out without even removing chain from front sprocket.

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